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JUNE 27, 1955

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



THE U.N.'S
DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD

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VOL. LXV NO. 26

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*8-hour day



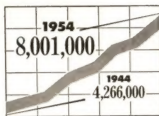


Coming...the key to the city!

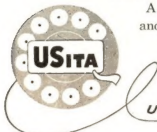
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Along with the shift of American industry—out where there's room to grow—population is moving too! As families settle in new homes...in new surroundings...the telephone is a familiar tie to old friends and new neighbors.

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GROWTH IN NUMBER OF TELEPHONES
in Independent Telephone Companies



Telephone by Automatic Electric Company

UNITED STATES INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE ASSOCIATION

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TIME
June 27, 1955

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Volume LXV
Number 26



SAFETY is a far greater problem now!

MAYBE you have memories of scenes like the one above when the "horseless carriage" was just beginning to roll along our roads and streets. You may remember, too, how careful the drivers were . . . and how everyone took precautions to avoid accidents with the new and wonderful machines.

Automobile safety was important then, but it is far more so now. This is because the modern car is such a sensitive and powerful machine . . . and because today our

streets and highways are crowded with over 58 million registered motor vehicles. Furthermore, most city streets were laid out when horse-drawn vehicles were the principal means of transportation.

Safe motoring is, of course, vital the year round if the toll of lives from motor vehicle accidents is to be reduced. That toll now amounts to more than 36,000 fatalities a year.

During the summer, motorists on week-end outings or long distance touring are

especially tempted to be careless. Such drivers are frequently in a hurry to reach their destinations, and often try to crowd too much mileage into too little time.

This get-there-quick urge may lead to dangerous situations . . . and rob motoring of its fun. So, before you get behind the wheel this summer, would it not be a good idea to take a look at your driving habits? Here is a quiz that you can take. Your score may determine how safe you, your family and others on the road will be.

Count 10 points for each question		Your Score	Perfect Score 100		Your Score
1.	Are your brakes in proper working order?		6.	Do you keep in line when nearing the top of a hill or a sharp turn?	
2.	Do you carefully observe all traffic regulations, particularly about speed?		7.	Do you slow down at darkness so you can stop within the distance illuminated by your headlights?	
3.	Do you watch movements of other cars and try to anticipate what their drivers will do?		8.	Do you have your car checked before starting on a long trip?	
4.	Do you always stop driving when you feel fatigued or ill?		9.	Do you give other motorists a break by signaling in ample time before stopping or changing direction?	
5.	Do you drive with extra caution when pedestrians, especially children, are about?		10.	Are you familiar with the distances required to bring your car to a stop at various rates of speed?	

Every time you take the wheel . . . remind yourself that your driving is, at the moment, your most important responsibility. Then you will be a better driver, a safer driver. Most impor-

tantly, you will be doing your part to make our streets and highways less hazardous for everyone. At the same time, you will increase the pleasure of your driving.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, *How's Your Driving?*, 755-T.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH OIL ADDITIVES?

NOTHING . . . chemical additives, used by refiners, artificially give high detergency and great film strength to any motor oil. Modern high compression engines demand these qualities to reduce destructive engine "ping", prevent sticking hydraulic valve lifters and minimize wear.

BUT additives can lose their effectiveness—sometimes so rapidly that they are reduced below safe operating limits after only a few hundred miles of stop-and-go driving around town.

Yet your engine needs protection all the time. That's why it needs Macmillan RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty, the oil that gives continuous protection from oil change to oil change.

Macmillan oil is different because Macmillan does not rely on chemical additives alone. Macmillan begins with a special crude oil found in one certain area of the U. S. This crude oil contains a natural solvent and film strength not found in other crudes. These fixed compounds cannot be used up in service because they are part of the oil itself.

Sure, we use additives, too. But when they fade, the natural detergency and high film strength in Macmillan oil continue to protect your engine until your next oil change.

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LETTERS

Tito & Co.

Sir:
From all the sparkling gems you distribute so generously week after week in your publication, the column "Dear Comrade" [June 6] is the Kohinoor! The Voice of America should broadcast it—not one time, but again and again, in all languages, so that people all over the world know what the Bulgarians and the Khrushchevs and the Molotovs and all the other Kremlinists and Moscovards had to say about "Dear Comrade" Tito before they went to Canossa!

FRANZ TRAUGOTT

Providence

Sir:
I was disappointed to note a tinge of snobbery in your recent article on Marshal Tito. I believe that his rise from the son of a poor peasant to the Communist President of Yugoslavia is a story in many ways paralleling the traditional American Horatio Alger legend . . . I, therefore, rue the day when we look down upon a man for being, not a Communist dictator, but "The Peasant's Son."

EDWARD J. MCKINNEY

Ithaca, N.Y.

G.A.W.

Sir:
G.A.W. [June 13]—next? G.A.P. (guaranteed annual profit for businesses)? G.A.I. (guaranteed annual income for professional persons and farmers)? G.A.C. (guaranteed annual commissions for salesmen)? What about day laborers and migratory workers?

Why not a G.W.F.M. (guaranteed weekly flit mignon) for all of us?

F. INISTORE GODFREY

Baltimore

Elephants, Anyone?

Sir:
At the present time I'm working for civil service up in Alaska. I'm an ex-coast guardsman . . . only 22 years old . . .

My contract is up in September . . . All I want to do is get home the cheapest way possible. I live in Delano, Calif. I thought that if I could buy an elephant and ride it home, I could sell it at above or the same cost I paid for it. If you would tell me where I could buy one and the cost, I would appreciate it . . .

JIMMIE HUGHES

Adak, Alaska

Vaccine Snafu (Contd.)

Sir:
These doctors and educators *et al.* who so promptly damn politicians for the unfortunate difficulties in the path of the Salk vaccine distribution [June 13] should be reminded of the one sure way to get rid of our politicians—establish a dictatorship. That will do the trick—if they want to pay the price.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD

New York City

Opinion & Desegregation

Sir:
I protest! To call our nation's highest court an "inept fraternity of politicians and professors" is mockery beyond forgiveness [June 13]. Agreement or disagreement with a decision from the court is no basis for such a smear as printed by the Richmond News Leader. Those who criticize so noble a tribunal behind the cloak of a free press are not worthy of the freedom they possess. Clear-thinking Americans cannot help respect the determination of the U.S. Supreme Court to keep America the "land of the free."

HOWARD D. MOORE

Independence, Mo.

Criminal & Moral Codes (Contd.)

Sir:
Re "Sin & Criminality" in the May 30 issue: . . . To make criminal any sexual activity in which husband and wife engage with mutual consent and love is . . . ridiculous. What married people do in bed is no more the business of lawmakers than is the way they cook their eggs when they get up . . .

The general American attitude that conventional sexual intercourse is the only "proper" expression of sexual desire—and, worse, the legislating of that attitude—is a hangover from the Puritan fathers, from whom so few of us descended. The prudery and naiveté of such an attitude must also make us a laughingstock in nations of more wisdom and maturity.

CONSTANCE MACMILLAN

Buffalo

Visiting Teacher

Sir:
I would like to add my complete appreciation of Carmelite Janvier. We are the parents of a mentally retarded child and two wonderfully normal children, and we

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TIME
June 27, 1955

Volume LXV
Number 26

TIME, JUNE 27, 1955



To Betty—because he
has your eyes, my ears,
and all our love!
Don



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MRS. KENNETH D. JOHANSEN
Seattle

Sir: . . . It does my heart good to see such a wonderful woman get the credit that she so richly deserves.

HAROLD SCHWARTZ
and Lieutenant

Orlando A.F.B.
Orlando, Fla.

Two for the Show

Sir: The decline of the theater [June 6] stems not so much from the lack of good plays and good authors as from the growing influence of our noted theater critics, that small and parasitic group of men who feel it is their sacred duty to protect the theatergoer from being exposed to anything but superior spectacles on the legitimate stage . . .

I have often wondered why our plays should be so meticulously hand-picked by a small group of intellectual supermen. Through individual tastes we choose our food and manage to survive, and even though not all of us are gourmets, we enjoy eating . . .

It is not "Isenitis" that is killing the theater; it is "Critic-itis." Maybe, if we divided the number of critics in half, the number of theaters may double again.

HENRY ROGERS
Norristown, Pa.

Sir: The opinions of Walter Kerr on the state of the American drama are interesting and thought-provoking . . . As a teacher who finds it professionally necessary to talk about the drama but who cannot afford the cost of contemporary playgoing, I submit that the real thing wrong with our theater is economic. Only the fashionable and well-heeled can afford theatergoing in our time . . .

Some huge foundation giving millions away for evaluations of education might do well to set up a fund to provide inequitable college professors with ticket money for the drama . . .

RICHARD J. STONESIFER, PH.D.
Franklin and Marshall College
Lancaster, Pa.

Bonjour Jeunesse (Contd.)

Sir: Thank you for Stanley Karnow's excellent analysis of the problems facing France's youth [May 30]. It helps us Americans in Paris to understand the situation we see about us.

However, I think the article underestimates the thoughtful seriousness and hopeful determination of many of France's young people. For example, the recent student pilgrimage to Chartres . . . was a pledge of their resolve to work for a really Christian future for their country.

I would like to see TIME begin to give more publicity to the positive and hopeful aspects of France's situation. Those who are working so hard to better things for their country could use the encouragement . . .

(MRS.) BARBARA LANCASTER

Paris

SIR: . . . HIS FRAGMENTARY AND DISTORTED WORD-PICTURE OF THE YOUTH OF FRANCE WAS AS UNFAIR AS IT WAS UNTRUE. KARNOW MERELY APES THE KREMLIN'S DESCRIPTION OF OUR OWN

YOUTH IN THE U.S. HE GROSSLY INSULTS THE INTELLIGENCE OF TIME'S VAST AUDIENCE NO LESS THAN HE DOES THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

A. N. SPANIEL
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP.
PRINCETON, N.J.

Sir: A French TIME reader and the mother of a student (law, alas!), I really feel I must congratulate you on your article . . . There is not a word you write that I can't subscribe to . . .

MRS. R. H. CARO
Nice

Sir: Congratulations to TIME's correspondent in Paris on his article, "France: the Younger Generation"; he has hit all his nails squarely on the head, and seldom have I read an article so deeply comprehensive—and sympathetic—of all the ills that plague France at the present time as reflected by French youth and interpreted through American eyes. Even after years of close and happy association with my French friends, I still never fail to be appalled by the very typically Gallic shrug of the shoulders accompanied by the timeworn and threadbare excuses which reach back to the War of 1870 and the Prussian occupation of Paris . . .

CARL B. HUMPHREY
Casablanca, French Morocco

Sir: A little over a year ago I was one of the youths in France that Mr. Karnow has written about. It was striking that the situation, as he describes it, is exactly the reason I left there. But I wish I could agree with what he says about sex . . .

Concerning the educational tools being rusty, I can also tell you that when a youngster of 16 or 17 gets out of high school, he knows much more than his American counterpart, much less about baseball, but certainly more about arts and sciences . . .

C. V. RACINE
South Bend, Ind.

Prose & Poetry (Contd.)

Sir: I add a hearty ditto to all you have to say about Dylan Thomas [May 30], but I am amazed, confused, and decidedly annoyed at the offhand manner in which you have dealt with Robert Frost . . . Did you seek to vault Thomas even higher in the literary castles by forcing Frost nearly out of the picture? . . . Perhaps I misunderstand; I certainly hope so.

DONALD C. REAM
Philadelphia

Sir: . . . You say that the public expects its poets to be "boisterous, dissolute, sometimes repellent." If it is the literate public you have in mind, I hasten to inform you that it expects nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it demands that a poet be a gentleman, in the most significant sense of the word. Luce and low company, added to booze and borrowed breeches, are the marks of the charlatan, not the true poet . . .

GERTRUDE GOEBEL
Cincinnati

Seaway

Sir: It is unfortunate that the article on the St. Lawrence Seaway neglected to mention Milwaukee's excellent present harbor facilities and plans for future development . . .

JAMES H. BRACHMAN
Milwaukee

Rocket Away!



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Bones, James Bell, Denis Foster, Kamelle Mac'oy, Rose,
Robert Neville, Robert C. Christopher, William Kompi-
lo, MAURITI: Thomas Doster, JONKATAMAR: Richard
Hughes, BERNET: Keith Wheeler, NEW DELHI: James
Burke, Alexander Campbell, ARAB RANGUNAR: Siva-
pore: Dwight Martin, John M. Medall, TOKYO: Curtis
Pendergast, James L. Greenfield, MEXICO CITY: David
Richardson, Rafael Delgado Lozano, GUATEMALA CITY:
Harvey Rosenhouse, RIO DE JANEIRO: Piero Sportelli,
BUSINESS AMBASS: John Dowling

PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

John McLaughlin

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

IN this issue appears John Graham Dow-
ling's last story (see *Frontier, 1955, HEM-
ISPHERE*). His assignment in Paraguay fin-
ished, Buenos Aires Bureau Chief Dowling
was flying south to the revolt in Argentina
last week when he was killed in a fog-bound
airliner crash, five miles from Asuncion. He
was the ninth correspondent killed on foreign
assignment for TIME Inc.

Dowling, 41, was a quiet, deadpan reporter
whose field was war. He started out playing
at it with the toy soldiers collected for him all
over the world by his famous parents, Actor-
Producer Eddie Dowling and Comedienne
Ray Dooley. He grew up to make a career of
combat. He was in the front lines at Guadal-
canal, covered the Allied campaign in New
Guinea, watched the Japanese surrender in
Manila Bay as a World War II correspondent
for the Chicago *Sun*. He won the Ernie Pyle
award in 1946 for distinguished war reporting.
Death nearly touched him more than once: in
Burma he escaped the massacre of the Chinese
unit to which he was attached, and on Leyte a bomb fatally wounded three
U.S. newsmen sleeping alongside him.

After the Java Sea defeat, he wrote a sardonic song called *I Wanted Wings*.
Pilots were still singing it, eight years later, in Korea. As famous throughout the
Pacific as his war song was Dowling's personal courage. Terrified of flying, he tried
to overcome his fear by parachuting. On Luzon, he made a battle jump with the
11th Airborne Division in civilian street shoes. Result: one broken ankle. Said
TIME *Hemisphere* Editor John Walker, who survived the Leyte bomb blast with
Dowling: "Being with him made you braver than you were."

Away from a battle zone, Dowling felt AWOL, but in April 1945 he took time
out to marry his Chicago editor's secretary, Patricia Louise Shafer, after an eight-
day courtship. They had one child, Gordon, now two years old.

After he became TIME's Southeast Asia correspondent in 1950, Dowling com-
muted between his Singapore base and the wars in Malaya and Indo-China. His
painstaking dispatches for TIME's cover stories on France's GENERAL JEAN DE
LATTRE DE TASSIGNY (Sept. 24, 1951) and GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLE of
Malaya (Dec. 15, 1952) were models of thoughtful reporting.

Reporter Dowling knew how to handle people. Stiff-backed General Templer
almost managed a smile as he told him: "You are like me. I can handle you!"
Cambodia's King Norodom was enchanted when Dowling did the *rongeang*, a Ma-
layan dance, for him. But his basic technique, he used to say, was silence. "Sooner
or later something always snaps in the other person. Someone has to talk."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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"WHAT! NO KITCHEN TELEPHONE?"

Of all things, Mr. Bridegroom! Surely you don't expect that lovely new bride to get along without a telephone in the kitchen!

Maybe there was a time when one telephone seemed enough, just as one radio and one bathroom and one car seemed enough.

But everybody is used to more comfort and convenience these days. And there's nothing that makes life so much easier as telephones around the home.

In the living room, of course. In the kitchen, conveniently hung on the wall. In the bedroom, to save steps and for added peace of mind both day and night. For the son and daughter who'd like telephones of their own, with separate listings.

Would you like to know more about complete telephone service and how surprisingly little it costs? Just call the business office of your local Bell telephone company.



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Confidence & Caution

Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's permanent representative to the United Nations, had company for lunch at Wave Hill, his handsome Hudson River residence in Riverdale, just north of Manhattan. Gathered under fragrant flowering linden trees one balmy day last week were three of the free world's shapers of foreign policy: Britain's Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan, France's Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay and U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

Puzzling Problems. The Briton and the Frenchman had come to the U.S. for the U.N.'s tenth anniversary ceremonies in San Francisco, but before the birthday party. Dulles, Macmillan and Pinay had to discuss a puzzling problem in world diplomacy: the true reason for the Communists' sudden switch from cold-warriors to peace-shouters. Standing in Sir Pierson's paneled library, Dulles gave the U.S. evaluation of what had caused the Kremlin to accept an Austrian treaty that was less favorable than the one it had rejected out of hand a year before, and to go to Belgrade "to walk on glass."

Russia, Dulles said, was faced with bankruptcy of its old policy. Cold war and hot threats had failed to cow Western Europe or to halt the rebirth of a rearmend, democratic Germany. The Soviets were overcommitted; with less than a third of U.S. industrial capacity, they were at-

tempting to keep up an atomic armament race with the U.S. An enormous part of Russia's armaments was disappearing in the maw of the Red Chinese dragon, and the Soviet people, under cruel economic burdens, were restive. It appeared the Soviet leaders wanted a "respite."

The West, Dulles continued, should be willing to grant a respite, if Russia was willing to pay the price. Essentially, the democracies want to apply a weed killer to Communist expansion and subversion of democratic systems. If the Communists truly desire peaceful coexistence, they would prove it by enforcing the Litvinoff Agreement of 1933 to terminate the international activities of the Communist Party. A second proof of Russian sincerity would be the reunification of Germany as a sovereign democratic state—neither "neutralized" nor satellite. A third proof would properly be the honoring of Soviet commitments, taken at Yalta, to permit self-determination in the Balkan states and Poland, and emancipate those unhappy slave states. If Russia satisfied these three preconditions, said Dulles, then the West would ease its pressure.

Firm Ground Rules. Pinay and Macmillan had no serious quarrel with Dulles' evaluation of the situation and his program to test Russian sincerity. In the study there was an air of confidence that had been missing from Western councils since World War II. The three men drew up a list of ground rules for the Big Four conference at Geneva—a list that they

will present to Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov in San Francisco this week:

1) The conference, which will begin on July 18, should have a fixed terminal date. Depending on Russian preference, it should last from four to seven days, but the adjournment date should be agreed on in advance.

2) The chiefs of government should meet twice the first day. On subsequent days the foreign ministers should meet in the morning, the chiefs in the afternoon.

3) The meetings should not be hamstrung with a formal agenda. Each chief of government should introduce relevant questions; each should present in turn his own ideas of the causes of world tension.

4) The conference at the summit should be restricted to business, with sumptuous parties and endless toasting ruled out.

Having mapped out their base camp in the careful approach to Geneva's summit, the diplomatic Alpinists adjourned until next day, when they met with Germany's Konrad Adenauer in the Waldorf Tower. After three hours all plans were dovetailed, all differences ironed out. The ministers agreed to meet with other NATO representatives in Paris on July 10, as a prelude to Geneva. As the diplomats parted, the new confidence was salted with a grain of caution. Said Antoine Pinay: "It would be very naive to take signs as proof of Russia's peaceful intentions. You don't tear up your insurance policy merely because an architect comes and tells you your house is well built."



NATO'S DULLES, MACMILLAN, ADENAUER & PINAY IN NEW YORK
No time to tear up the insurance policy.

International

Vyacheslav Dalevich Karmegiev

All week long, the diplomats and statesmen came and went. Not only in Washington and New York, but across the nation, citizens got unaccustomed glimpses of the traveling salesmen of East and West who had come to the U.S. to consult on plans for a changing world and to attend the tenth birthday party of the United Nations (see UNITED NATIONS).

India's Krishna Menon was the first to arrive. Fresh from Peking, he carried a proposition from the Red Chinese. Its gist: Chou En-lai, fearing U.S. retaliation, has given up the notion of forcibly taking Formosa. The Red Chinese had shown their peaceful intentions by releasing four U.S. flyers (TIME, June 13); soon, Menon cooed, he thought the eleven other flyers still held prisoner in China would be released, too. In return, Menon hinted, it might be helpful if the Chinese Nationalists quietly abandoned Quemoy and Matsu.

Goo-Goo Eyes. Hard on Menon's heels was Germany's Konrad Adenauer. The Russians had been making goo-goo eyes at Germany, too, and Adenauer wanted to consult his American friends on coordinated action. In informal talks Adenauer, Secretary Dulles and the President reached complete agreement on the steps to be taken. Adenauer would "probably" accept his invitation to the Kremlin, but not until after the Geneva summit conference in July and not until the Russians had answered three pointed questions: 1) What does Russia propose to do about the German prisoners of war still behind the Iron Curtain? 2) What plans does Russia have for revising Germany's eastern frontier? and 3) What do the Russians intend to do about reunifying Germany?

The tough old Chancellor firmly rejected any notion that he might buy unification by neutralizing the German state. Said he: "Such a bargain is absolutely impossible, both for us, the Germans, and for Europe."

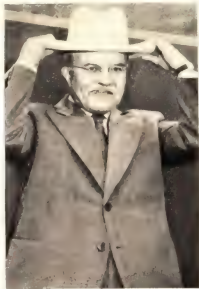
Fellow Travelers. By all odds the most interesting VIP to arrive in the U.S. last week was Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov. It was difficult indeed for the free world to accept the picture of Chou giving pleasant little dinner parties for democratic diplomats in Bandung, or Khrushchev reeling with conviviality in Belgrade—but Molotov's change of pace was almost unbelievable. Twenty years of treachery and invective toward the West had made Molotov a symbol of the fanatic, devious, hate-filled Old Bolshevik. Now, like good Communists everywhere, he was suddenly trying to win friends and influence people by sweetness and light.

"We are fellow travelers on a calmer sea," he told New York Times Editor Charles Merz during a chance encounter on "A" deck of the *Queen Elizabeth*. Arriving in the U.S. for the first time in 8½ years, he had serene "greetings" for "the people of the world-famous city of New York, and with them all those in the United States who are in favor of lasting peace, international cooperation and con-

solidation of friendship." Molotov went sightseeing, had some pleasant comments to make about American paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art (see ART).

Instead of flying on to San Francisco, the Foreign Minister decided to see the country, and packed his 54-man entourage (including 13 bodyguards and the Foreign Minister of Poland) aboard three special Pullman cars. During a stopover in Chicago, he went rubbernecking, toured the city for five hours. Along Lake Shore Drive, he suddenly left his car to walk for a while, then just as suddenly crossed the drive in the midst of rush-hour traffic. Automobiles were tied up for miles as his motorcade and police escort jockeyed through an illegal U-turn to keep up with the wandering diplomat.

Ten-Gallon Hats. During a three-mile drive through the huge South Side U.S. Steel works, Molotov corrected a detective



MOLOTOV IN CHEYENNE
"Hi yi yippi, yippi yea yea."

who told him the plant's annual production was 4,500,000 tons of steel. "No," snapped the well-briefed Foreign Minister. "It is 5,500,000."

The Chicago tour included a visit to the odoriferous stockyards. A good breeze was blowing, and the Russian sniffed deeply. Said he: "It is not unpleasant."

The trip was not without some unpleasantness. In Omaha an angry crowd of Baltic refugees from Soviet tyranny picketed Molotov's train, and the Russian delegation stayed discreetly aboard. But in Cheyenne, Wyo. the Soviet diplomat hit the high spot of his tour presented him with a ten-gallon hat. The reporter had three Stetsons of different sizes, just to be sure the fit was right. Molotov first tried on a size 7½, which was too snug. The newsmen offered him a 7½. That was just right. "Thank you. Thank you very much for the hat," beamed Molotov as

he returned to his train. "We must all work for world peace."

Back in New York, French Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay told Dulles and Britain's Harold Macmillan another story of how easily Molotov changes hats. In France, on the way to the U.S., Pinay reported, Molotov had also been a regular sunshine boy. During a conversation with Pinay, he had smilingly suggested that in view of German rearmament it would be wise for France to cultivate her relations with Russia. France found that difficult, Pinay replied, because of the Kremlin's strong support of French Communists and their efforts to undermine French democracy. Instantly, the Russian's amiability melted, and it was the old, cynical Molotov, in his old hat, who answered: "You have your police."

Beneath the Eaves

Standing beneath low-pitched eaves, must you not bow your head?

—Chinese proverb

About the shining hour when Molotov was positioning his head into a ten-gallon hat in Cheyenne, a second sensational gesture of amiability was areading in far-away Red China. Time for lotus and light, the Communists evidently concluded from the extraordinary demeanor of Big Brother: time to show the impressionables and the skeptics that Red China too was making headway toward cooperation (and toward such long-sought objectives as U.S. diplomatic recognition and membership in the U.N.).

Red China's gesture was a proclamation that it was ready to let go three of the 21 American P.W.s who had refused repatriation after the Korean truce and who now wanted to get out of Red China. Two of the P.W.s, Otho Bell of Olympia, Wash., and Lewis Griggs of Jacksonville, Tex., intended to come home to the U.S., although they knew that they might have to stand trial.

"Even if I were going to be hung, I would come anyway," Bell recently wrote to his wife. The third American, William Cowart of Dalton, Ga., wanted to go to Japan. A couple of Belgian army deserters also wanted to get out of Red China, respectively in favor of the U.S. and Laos. "Dear friends," Red China's Red Cross assured the remaining P.W. turncoats, "you are also entirely free to leave China of your own will."

With unaccustomed humility, Peking radio offered its explanation to the outside world. "China is an economically backward country which has just begun its construction. . . . The standard of living cannot be raised rapidly. There are differences between the customs and ways of life of the Chinese people and the European and American people. . . . the language difficulties. . . . the marriage problem." Red China, adopting conciliatory tactics alongside the Russians beneath the low eaves of Western pressure, smoothly wished its five newest defectors "a smooth future."

THE PRESIDENCY

The Summer of 1955

When the world's statesmen met in San Francisco for the United Nations' anniversary this week, Dwight Eisenhower was the first to speak. He delivered the welcoming address in the Opera House where the U.N. was born.

The President of the U.S. pledged his country's "unswerving loyalty" to the U.N. and voiced his conviction that there are stirrings and opportunities in the summer of 1955 which might and could lead to a more certain and more prosperous peace.

His tribute to the U.N. founders was sober and factual: "That there have been failures in attempts to solve international difficulties by the principles of the U.N. charter, none can deny. That there have been victories, only the wilfully blind can fail to see. But clear it is that without the United Nations the failures would still have been written as failures into history. And, certainly, without this organization the victories could not have been achieved; instead, they might well have been recorded as human disasters. These, the world has been spared . . .

"**Basis for Success.**" "The summer of 1955, like that one of 1945, is another season of high hope for the world. There again stir in the hearts of men a renewed devotion to the work for the elimination of war. Each of us here is witness that never in ten years has the will of many nations seemed so resolved to wage an honest and sustained campaign for a just and lasting peace . . . The heartfelt longings of countless millions for abundance and justice and peace seem to be commanding, everywhere, a response from their governments. These longings have strengthened the weak, encouraged the doubtful, heartened the tired, confirmed the believing. Almost it seems that men, with souls restored, are, with faith and courage, resuming the march toward the greatest human goal.

"Within a month there will be a four power conference of heads of Government. Whether or not we shall then reach the initial decisions that will start dismantling the terrible apparatus of fear and mistrust and weapons erected since the end of World War II, I do not know.

"The basis for success is simply put: it is that every individual at that meeting be loyal to the spirit of the United Nations and dedicated to the principles of its charter. I can solemnly pledge to you here—and to all the men and women of the world who may hear or read my words—that those who represent the United States will strive to be thus loyal, thus dedicated . . .

"**Munitions of Peace.**" "We shall work with all others—especially through this great organization, the United Nations—so that peaceful and reasonable negotiations may replace the clash of the battlefield. In this way we can in time make unnecessary the vast armaments that—even when maintained only for security—terrify the world with their devastating

potentiality and tax unbearably the creative energies of men.

"We and a majority of all nations, I believe, are united in another hope: that every government will abstain from itself attempting, or aiding others to attempt, the subversion, coercion, infiltration or destruction of other governments in order to gain political or material advantage or because of differences in philosophies, religions or ideologies.

"We, with the rest of the world, know that a nation's vision of peace cannot be attained through any race in armaments. The munitions of peace are justice, honesty, mutual understanding and respect for others. So believing and so motivated, the United States will leave no stone unturned to work for peace. We shall reject no method however novel, that holds out any hope however faint, for a just and lasting peace."



Walter Bennett
REPRESENTATIVE CLARENCE CANNON
Goofed.

THE CONGRESS

Sluice & Bobble

The Dixon-Yates contract and its public v. private power issue landed on the floor of the House of Representatives last week and, after a noisy and bitter debate, bounced out again with an unexpectedly solid victory for President Eisenhower and for private enterprise.

At issue was a section of the TVA appropriation that would have 1) cut off the main electrical-transmission artery of the privately owned \$107 million Dixon-Yates power plant at West Memphis, Ark., and 2) extended the power of the Government-owned Tennessee Valley Authority by building a rival, \$100 million power plant near South Fulton, Tenn.

The provision, as drawn by House Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon and a group of TVA advocates, was a Democratic fiasco. President

Eisenhower had asked for \$6,500,000 to tie in TVA's transmission lines with a Dixon-Yates line at the middle of the Mississippi River, so that the privately owned company could furnish the Tennessee Valley and the Atomic Energy Commission with needed reserves of electrical energy. Cannon & Co. sluiced off the \$6,500,000 from Dixon-Yates and authorized it as a down payment on the Fulton TVA plant.

The motion to cut off Dixon-Yates would probably have failed even as an isolated issue. But Cannon, who has a massive reputation as an astute parliamentary tactician, stupidly built in certain defeat when he diverted money to the Fulton public power plant. Many Northern Democrats were willing enough to knife Dixon-Yates, but few would vote for more Government-subsidized power for the South—power that would inevitably attract more migratory industry from the North.

G.O.P. Leaders Joe Martin and Charlie Halleck were quick to recognize Cannon's blunder and to line up the Republican votes in disciplined ranks. Top Democrats were flabbergasted when they realized what Clarence Cannon had done. After three hours of debate with nearly 50 heated speeches, the House defeated the Cannon plan, 195 to 160. Having botched matters thoroughly, the Democrats let the bill—including the funds for the TVA-Dixon-Yates link—slide through on a voice vote, and glumly sent it on to the Senate.

In a busy week on Capitol Hill:

¶ The Senate, by a vote of 63 to 3, ratified the Austrian independence treaty.

¶ Both House and Senate passed H.R. 1, the watered-down Reciprocal Trade Agreements Bill, sent it off to the White House.

¶ Louisiana's Democratic Representative Overton Brooks organized 10 greedy Congressmen in a bipartisan rump caucus, blithely added \$86,376,000 in home-district chattering to the Public Works Bill (which included the TVA appropriations) in one of the most blatant congressional pork-barrel operations in years. Lamented Republican Glenn Davis of Wisconsin, in a futile motion to send the bill back to committee: "There is but one way that we can purge ourselves of the shame that has descended upon us here this afternoon, and that is to recommit this bill to the committee on appropriations." Brooks and friends braved his motion down in a rafter-ringing voice vote, and then shouted the bill to passage.

¶ The Senate Appropriations Committee approved a Defense Department appropriations bill of \$31,836,521,336—\$348 million more than the House granted. Under the committee version, the Air Force will get \$14.7 billion, including a 35% increase in B-52 production funds, the Navy \$9 billion, the Army \$7.3 billion. The full Senate also extended the draft for four years, the doctors' draft for two.

¶ The House Committee on Post Office

and Civil Service approved a 7½% blanket raise for 1,073,262 Government employees, which will boost the federal payroll by \$325 million a year.

¶ The Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee turned down President Eisenhower's request for an atomic merchant ship.

¶ The Senate granted permanent sanctuary in the U.S. to Olga Masaryk Revilliod, 64-year-old daughter of Czechoslovakia's late great President Thomas Masaryk, and sister of the late martyred Jan Masaryk.

Steps Going Down

Since he was publicly censured last December, the junior Senator from Wisconsin has been a virtual stranger on Capitol Hill. He hardly ever turns up at committee meetings, and his appearances in the Senate chamber are rare indeed. Last week the vibrant voice of Joe McCarthy was heard once more, in a blistering attack on President Eisenhower and the forthcoming Big Four meeting.

"The Administration," cried Joe, "is fashioning the free world's worst defeat since the end of World War II." The President and his advisers were now determined that the U.S. would "play the role of straight man to the Soviet Union." Such "creeping madness" has created "a mental atmosphere every bit as lethal to the free world's cause as an atomic fallout."

Senate Minority Leader William Knowland, in the past a staunch supporter of McCarthy and a frequent foe of Eisenhower's foreign policy, was visibly agitated by the speech. When McCarthy sat down, Bill Knowland stood up.

"I would not want this opportunity to pass," he announced, "and . . . appear to give the impression that I subscribe to McCarthy's point of view . . . We are not bankrupt in our negotiating power . . . The President [will] do everything possible to protect the vital interests of the country and of the free world [at the Geneva Conference]. The President has urged united support of the President and of the Geneva meeting."

When Knowland had finished, McCarthy was disgruntled but unchastened. "I think, Bill," he said sadly, "you will regret some of the things you said here today."

What the McCarthy exchange amounted to was another important step in the decline and political isolation of Joe McCarthy.

POLITICAL NOTES

Two-Party Texas?

In his first six months on the job, Paul Butler, the new Democratic National Chairman, has traveled more than 30,000 miles to meet party leaders and make friends. Along the way he has suffered some minor mishaps. In Georgia, just as he was beginning to read a prepared speech, he broke his glasses; at a Mississippi dinner, a waiter spilled four



Cliff Grant—Dallas Morning News
CHAIRMAN BUTLER
Peace in the kitchen.

glasses of milk over him, and at a California rally, a leading Democrat publicly insulted him (TIME, April 4). Last week in Texas, Democrat Butler walked, with his eyes wide open, into real trouble: he made the party split—which was healing—break open again.

Sacrificial Calf. Recently some top Democrats have been working quietly to heal the breach between the National Committee and Governor Allan Shivers, who helped swing Texas to Eisenhower in 1952. Last month, during a Capitol Hill breakfast given by the Speaker of the House, "Mr. Sam" Rayburn of Texas, Chairman Butler and Governor Shivers conferred in the serving kitchen and



United Press
GOVERNOR SHIVERS
War on the range.

agreed on an informal peace pact. Shivers privately agreed to choose a new national committeeman from Texas in place of his friend, Wright Morrow, long rebuffed by the National Committee.

Morrow, who heard about the arrangement, brooded about his role as sacrificial calf. Loyalist Texas Democrats, who want Shivers' scalp, were equally upset by the dealings between him and the national party. Amidst the rumbling, Chairman Butler announced his plans for a visit to Texas. His sponsors: the violently anti-Shivers Democratic Advisory Committee. Under the circumstances, his trip, hailed as a "peace mission," was likely to be anything but.

Most Texans in Congress knew nothing about Butler's plans until it was too late. Speaker Sam Rayburn, who did know, hopefully sent word to Hilda Weirnt, the state national committeewoman, one of the few Texas Democrats friendly with both Shivers and the National Committee. He wanted her to help avoid trouble "in working out Mr. Butler's schedule." She tried to arrange a meeting in Austin of party leaders from both factions. But the loyalist leadership balked, and the Shivers Democrats decided to boycott arriving Chairman Butler. Snapped Mr. Sam, "I can't make people cooperate."

Invitation to Uvalde. The day after Butler landed in Texas, the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* ran a big, black headline: PARTY FEUD ERUPTS. Governor Shivers indignantly announced that Butler had refused an invitation to lunch in Austin. Drawing a head on Butler, the governor labeled the refusal "regrettable for the future of the Democratic Party." Replied Butler: "I will be happy if the governor comes"—to see Butler.

In his six-day, fund-raising tour of the big-money, free-spending state of Texas, Democrat Butler grossed only about \$25,000. At Lubbock, for his first speech (\$10 a head, dinner included), 1,000 people were expected, but only 400 came. At Big Spring, he drew 150. Yet Texas was not entirely hostile territory. At Dallas, where Butler cut a three-foot cake (for his 50th birthday), 1,200 people showed up to eat and cheer. At Uvalde, former Vice President John Nance Garner, 86, who has puttered in privacy for 14 years amidst his pecan trees and chickens, surprisingly opened his gates and invited everybody to "come to my house and meet Mr. Butler."

Butler aroused much enthusiasm among loyalist Democrats and got a respectful hearing from some Shivers Democrats who showed up at his rallies. Confidently, he predicted Governor Shivers' eventual return to party councils. Instead of wooing him and his conservative supporters, however, Chairman Butler had hard words for registered Democrats who voted Republican. "The sooner [they] become Republicans, the better off we all will be," he said. "In Texas today, a two-party system is beginning to emerge, and the readjustment and the realignment are proving painful."

CIVIL DEFENSE

Best Defense? Prayer

The President of the U.S. was discussing the July Big Four meeting with his Secretary of State when the air-raid horn burred through the White House. Old Soldier Eisenhower stood up, shook hands with Dulles and quickly strode to the portico. While sirens brayed over Washington and staff members lugged out heavy suitcases, the President put on his glasses and checked his watch. It was exactly 12:03. He ducked into his limousine with Deputy Assistant Fred Seaton and Special Counsel Gerald Morgan, and Secret Service Driver Deeter Flohr headed the car out the southwest gate. Right on its bumper was a 1938 open Cadillac loaded with Secret Servicemen, and behind it, three carloads of newsmen. For the first time since the War of 1812, when

"Bureau of the Budget," "ODM," "Stabilization," "Manpower," "Men's Latrine." The breeze whined through a forest of antennae.

Lunch Come First. Ike inspected the area, returned to an airless, sunbaked tent, where he sat behind a butcher-paper-covered field table, greeted Government officials as they arrived. In all, the heads of 32 agencies and departments reported. One of the last was Health and Education Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby, who the President teased, "I wondered where you were. I looked for you." Mrs. Hobby, white-gloved and sleekly coiffed, confessed she stopped for lunch along the way.

The tent was dominated by a huge map of the U.S. with blue pins to show air bursts and red pins to show the more radioactive surface bursts in the biggest civil defense test yet. All afternoon and evening the reports came in: an A-bomb

office—and a \$5 toy telephone with 50 ft. of wire for a staff intercom. Outside, guards patrolled against a mythical enemy and found a real one: rattlesnakes. The next morning the President confessed, "We found more complications yesterday than I believed possible," and went off to the secret underground Pentagon for a meeting of the National Security Council.

Meanwhile, civil defense centers across the nation estimated a total 8,200,000 dead, 6,550,000 injured and 25 million homeless (a "surprise of the exercise," said Peterson). Paper evacuations of 35 cities saved 1,250,000 persons from death and 2,750,000 from serious injury. Six percent of the nation's manufacturing capacity was vaporized and 10% temporarily knocked out, although some industries lost far more heavily than others—e.g., up to 40% of the steel fabricating and machinery industries were destroyed. Some



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF EISENHOWER & STAFF[®] IN EMERGENCY WHITE HOUSE
"We found more complications than I believed possible."

Associated Press

President Madison fled to the Virginia countryside, the U.S. Government was fleeing Washington. The President and 15,000 federal employees were evacuating the capital to spend three days at 31 secret sites during the nationwide civil defense test, Operation Alert.

Deeter Flohr jockeyed the big black car in and out of the noonday traffic and over Memorial Bridge to a supposedly secret route—but along the way schoolchildren and parents with cameras were waiting for a glimpse of Ike. The President's car whizzed past those of other Government officials. Foreign Economic Adviser Joseph M. Dodge at the wheel of a Ford. Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr. driving a blue sedan with the State Department markings covered up.

The President's car swung off the main highway onto a steep, narrow mountain road lined with troops, came to a cluster of olive drab Army tents identified as

on Seattle; an atomic guided missile hit Anchorage, Alaska; an A-bomb struck the Capital; an H-bomb on Brooklyn; a submarine hit Balboa Heights, C.Z. with an atomic missile. American cities under attack: Los Angeles, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Youngstown, Akron, Wilmington, Flint, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Milwaukee and both Portland, Ore. and Portland, Me. A total of 61 cities were reported hit. The President held an hour-and-15-minute secret meeting, afterwards declared martial law across the U.S.

Moratorium on Debts. That evening the President went to the emergency White House, where he had a Spartan

areas lost 60% of their electric power, gas, telephone and telegraph facilities. Stores of grains and cottons were in good shape nationally, but there was little coffee and less sugar left after the attack.

Treasury Secretary George M. Humphrey announced a disaster plan to put a moratorium on all debts, impose severe penalties against hoarding of cash and encourage local bank credit under strict punishment for unethical practices. He also revealed that the Treasury Department already has vast reserves of currency hidden away around the country. After an attack, it would be rushed to stricken areas to meet payrolls and provide a stable basis for trade in necessities.

Troops for the Home Front. One constructive result of the test was a public clarification of what the President had in mind when he sent Congress the military reserve plan that is still bogged down in the House of Representatives. Those who

Seated: Under Secretary of Labor Arthur Larson, Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield, Ike, Civil Defense Administrator Peterson, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission Lewis Strauss, Defense Mobilizer Flemming and Attorney General Herbert Brownell. Standing at right: Treasury Secretary Humphrey.

opposed the President's reserve program because they could not see the value of more infantry divisions overseas in an atomic war realized he had another mission in mind. In a speech at the end of the three-day test, the President used the experience to appeal for his reserve program. Said he: "If [civil defense] officials are to do their duties properly . . . they must be supported by trained and disciplined men . . . We must remember that in the kind of disaster of which I am now speaking, one trained reserve battalion in the proper place would be worth five divisions located a thousand miles away. Trained men will be needed on the spot at the time the disaster occurs."

The President also emphasized spiritual mobilization. "This is my deepest impression of this exercise: the most devout daily prayers that any of us has should be uttered in the supplication that this kind of disaster never comes to the U.S."

THE LAW

Sixth Round

The Justice Department lost another round last week in its fight against Johns Hopkins University's Owen Lattimore, accused of contributing to Communist advances in Asia by his activities and influence in the U.S. as a former State Department adviser on Far Eastern policy (*TIME*, April 3, 1950 *et seq.*). The legal battle, round by round:

One. On Dec. 16, 1952, a federal grand jury in Washington indicted Lattimore on seven counts of perjury, the key one for denying under oath that he was a Communist "sympathizer."

Two. On May 2, 1953, U.S. District Judge Luther W. Youngdahl dismissed four counts, including the key charge, for "vagueness" in violation of the Sixth Amendment—which requires that defendants be informed of the exact charges against them.

Three. On July 8, 1954, a U.S. Court of Appeals reinstated two minor counts by a 5-to-4 vote, but upheld Youngdahl's dismissal of two others, including the key charge, 8 to 1.

Four. On Oct. 7, 1954, another federal grand jury re-indicted Lattimore on two counts as "a follower of the Communist line" and "a promoter of Communist interests," citing as evidence 132 instances in which, it said, his writings followed the party line.

Five. On Jan. 18, 1955, Judge Youngdahl, labeling the 132 instances "chance parallelism," dismissed the two new counts as "vague charges" which would "make a sham of the Sixth Amendment."

Six. Last week the U.S. Court of Appeals again upheld Youngdahl's dismissal, this time by a tie 4-to-4 vote (death has caused a vacancy on the bench).

The Justice Department must now decide whether to appeal to the Supreme Court, to seek a conviction on the remaining minor counts, or to drop its case against Owen Lattimore, who is currently traveling and lecturing in Europe.

Twelve Lost Years

An award of \$112,291 is "a mere token," reflected Judge Fred A. Young in Manhattan last week, "for all the wealth of the State of New York could not compensate the claimant for the mental anguish suffered through nearly twelve years of false imprisonment, under the impression that he would be there for the rest of his life."

The claimant, Louis Hoffner, studied the judge from across the hearing room, his face drawn and tired-looking. "Inherent also in this decision," the judge continued, "must be the fact that the District Attorney's office had possession of evidence which, if known to defendant's counsel, would have prevented this tragic miscarriage of justice."

The State of New York, the judge



Not Fein—N. Y. Herald Tribune

LOUIS HOFFNER

\$112,291 is a mere token.

ruled, must deliver to the claimant a check for the \$112,291, tax-free, in compensation for his twelve lost years. The claimant quietly thanked him: "This award gives me complete vindication at last. I feel very good that it's all over."

"He's Not the Man," Hoffner, son of a Russian immigrant baker, worked as a runner in Wall Street, an odd-jobs man in a 5 & 10¢ store. At the age of 22 he served 30 months in jail for attempted grand larceny, and at 27 he got into more serious trouble. In August 1940, police arrested him as he was walking his dog outside his Brooklyn home, and hauled him off to the station. Not until much later was Hoffner told that a bartender had been shot dead in a restaurant holdup in Jamaica, eleven miles from where Hoffner had been at the time, and that a waiter had picked out his picture from the rogues' gallery.

In the line-up, the restaurant's part-owner had a close look at Louis Hoffner and flatly stated: "He's not the man." The waiter, who had glimpsed the murderer for only 35 seconds, also failed to identify Hoffner—but after a ten-minute chat with police, the waiter returned and pointed at him: "That's the man; he was in the place the other night."

A jury returned a verdict of guilty, recommending mercy. "I thought it might be well to put the boy away," was the way one juror, a woman, explained it, "because of his previous trouble."

"A Yen for Las Vegas." So Louis Hoffner, 28 years old, went off to serve his life sentence in Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N.Y. But outside Dannemora, more and more voices were insisting that Hoffner was innocent. A policeman friend of the family, an attorney, a New York *World-Telegram* reporter, set to work to dig up the irregularities, and they found plenty, e.g., that Louis Hoffner's prosecutors had in effect concealed the shaky identification in the line-up. In November 1952, Louis Hoffner was set free.

Last week Hoffner seemed content with the promise of \$112,291 (the state could still appeal). "I've got a yen for Las Vegas—but I'm not going to gamble, and I'd like to go to Hollywood—I've heard so much about that kind of life." Soberly, Louis Hoffner concluded: "Then I'd like to find some legitimate business, maybe a liquor store. I'd like to enjoy life."

RACES

"The Quality of Citizenship"

Under Title 20, Section 54 of a Virginia law passed in 1924, white Virginians are permitted to marry only whites—those who have "no trace whatever of any blood other than Caucasian." (In deference to the proud descendants of Pocahontas, there is an exception in favor of those who may be "one-sixteenth or less" American Indian, but otherwise all white.) Under the law, white-colored marriages of Virginia residents are "absolutely void" even if they have been contracted out of state, and both parties in an interracial marriage may be sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary.²⁰

In practice, 20-54 is peacefully implemented not in the courts but in the local marriage-license bureaus. A test case arose in 1953, however, in which a white woman petitioned the courts in Portsmouth, Va. to annul her marriage to her Chinese sailor husband of 15 months. When the annulment was granted, the Chinese seaman's lawyers appealed. Last week the Virginia Supreme Court re-

²⁰ Marriages between whites and Negroes are prohibited in 27 states: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, Wyoming. California's 1872 miscegenation statute was declared unconstitutional in 1948.

viewed the constitutionality of the law for the first time and upheld it. Said Justice Archibald C. Buchanan: "We are unable to read in the 14th Amendment . . . any words or intent which prohibit the state from enacting legislation to preserve the racial integrity of its citizens . . . so that it shall not have a mongrel breed of citizens. We find there is no requirement that the state shall not legislate to prevent the obliteration of racial pride, but must permit the corruption of blood, even though it weaken or destroy the quality of its citizenship. Both sacred and secular history teach that nations have better advanced in human progress when they cultivated their own . . . peculiar genius."

Justice Buchanan concluded: "Regulation of the marriage relation is, we think, distinctly one of the rights guaranteed to the states and safeguarded by that bastion of states' rights, somewhat battered perhaps, but still a sturdy fortress . . . the tenth section of the Bill of Rights: 'The powers not delegated to the U.S. by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.'"

The Chinese seaman's lawyers at once prepared to ask the U.S. Supreme Court to declare unconstitutional Virginia's ban upon interracial marriages.

ANIMALS

A Leash for Rusty

In Denver (pop. 480,000 humans) people are divided: some like Denver's dogs (pop. 36,000) on the loose and some like them on leashes. Until recently, the city council avoided a leash law. This year, with 654 dogbites reported by May, the issue went on the ballot. No other civic problem worked up so much sentiment and spleen. "Dogs that are tied up and fenced continuously will become excited and grieved," warned grieved, excited Attorney Philip Rossman, the Denver dog's best friend. "On behalf of Rusty, my old Irish setter," the Denver *Post's* veteran Statehouse Reporter Bert Hanna wrote a misty-eyed protest: "It will be the end of Rusty. He could not live under those restrictions . . . When this law is passed, he will pass quietly away."

Jack Frank, an anti-dog man, replied in a *Post* column: "Should the law pass, [doglovers] say, thousands of dogs, all named 'Rusty,' will develop cardiac conditions and die brokenhearted . . . The insidious dog propaganda machine . . . would make you believe any man who has a reverent dislike for dogs is a rotter who would water his children's milk to cut down on his overhead. Why should a dog with whom I have nothing in common . . . be given the right to bound over me and lick my face? Why should I walk along a darkened street with an unleashed hound sniffing around my ankles as if I were a mobile hydrant?"

Few politicians gave tongue on the issue, but City Council Candidate Frank Gold came out flatly for dogs and against leashes. "I am not afraid," said Gold

boldly. At the election he was defeated, and the leash law was passed by a solid majority, 55,013 to 39,017. Last week, adding impetus to injury, the Denver Health Department proposed a tax on pet food to pay for the law's enforcement. Mayor Quigg Newton quickly killed the idea, but bristling dog owners held a protest meeting to plan repeal of the leash law at the August city election.

NEW YORK

Top Hat, Beauties & Beer

As mayor of one of the world's most polyglot cities, New York's Robert F. Wagner decided it would be a good idea—and possibly good politics—to make a brisk good-will tour of some of the mother countries of his constituents. Most of the homelands were happy to have him



Mayor Wagner & Friends
"I guess I'll have to buy one."

(all but France agreed to foot his expenses), and early this month the hail-fellow mayor and his blonde wife were off. By last week the Wagners were the most talked-about Americans abroad, from Dublin to Tel Aviv.

Father's Coat. First stop on their itinerary was London. The mayor, in a natty, brown-checked suit and a vivid yellow-striped tie, was unabashed to find his British welcomers all dressed up in formal attire. Downing a quick Scotch-on-the-rocks at London Airport, he gazed at the dense horizon of top hats and sighed. "I guess I'll have to buy one," he said. "I haven't worn a top hat since last St. Patrick's Day parade." At a luncheon a few days later, Wagner was properly turned out in formal dress and a rented

top hat. "That morning coat," murmured a passing Englishwoman. "It was my father's," the mayor explained.

In four breathless days in London, the mayor chatted with the Duke of Edinburgh, invited Princess Margaret to New York "any time she pleases," toured the Houses of Parliament, boated on the Thames and dined at the Fishmongers' Hall. A rainstorm delayed the Wagners on their way to another dinner party at the U.S. embassy, kept Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich and the other dinner guests dawdling over their cocktails for a full hour. Wagner was on time for his visit with Queen Mother Elizabeth, however, and reported that the Queen "told me I could smoke, and reminded me that I smoked four cigarettes, one after the other, at the banquet we had for her" (in New York in 1954).

In Ireland the Wagners inspected the National Stud Farm in County Kildare, dined with U.S. Ambassador William Howard Taft III, lunched with President Sean O'Kelly and admired the Dublin statue of Cú Chulainn, the legendary Irish hero. Paris provided the most unusual welcome, however. As the Wagners arrived at Orly airfield, several young girls pushed through the crowd of officials and shed their coats to welcome the mayor in skimpy red, white and blue bathing suits. "Salut, Monsieur le Maire," they screamed, then rushed to cuddle Wagner for the photographers. Mrs. Wagner quickly sized up the situation, firmly disengaged her astonished husband and led him away while gendarmes shoofed off the girls—Miss France of 1954, Miss France of 1955, and Miss Paris of 1955. Said Family Man Wagner: "Well, that's Paris."

Father's Home Town. In Paris the mayor stopped, dined with the Duchess of Westminster, assured Octogenarian Sir Charles Mendt that he looked younger than ever, and delighted French haberdashers by wearing a pleated shirt with his dinner jacket. He was impressed with Paris' anti-horn-honking regulation, but feared that such a rule could not be enforced in New York without extra police.

On a sentimental side trip to Nastätten, Germany—birthplace of his father, the late Senator Robert Wagner Sr.—almost the entire population (7,104) turned out to greet Wagner, and an American flag with 46 stars fluttered bravely from the town hall. But Nastätten's Bürgermeister Heinrich Knögel was worried about some suspicious strangers who turned up. "Maybe they are swindlers!" he said darkly. At Nastätten's official reception Wagner committed a blunder by refusing a glass of Rhine wine, pride of the region, and ordering beer instead.

In Tel Aviv this week, the Wagners rested briefly in the only air-conditioned hotel in Israel and prepared for a grueling, three-day tour of the country. Said the mayor: "My sympathies have always been with Israel and I see no reason to change them." Still ahead were two more stops in the mayor's whirlwind tour: Greece and Italy.

From left: Mrs. Wagner, Miss Paris, the Mayor, Miss France 1955, Miss France 1954.

UNITED NATIONS



basic assumption (Big Power unanimity), surrounded it with perils undreamed of by most of its founders (the H-bomb and Communist expansionism). The revolt against colonialism has all but doubled U.N. membership. Yet all these vast transformations, says Dag Hammarskjöld, make the U.N., or something like it, not less but more essential. In this unyielding conviction, Hammarskjöld believes that the nations are in San Francisco not to bury the U.N., but to reappraise it.

How well the U.N. stands up to reappraisal depends on whether it is measured by the early oratory of its partisans or by the limited commitments its lawyers wrote into it.

The U.N. owes its inspiration to the 1941 Atlantic Charter and the declaration of the Four Freedoms. But its very name reflects a desire to limit its aim. Three weeks after Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt, who had been groping for a name for the anti-Axis alliance, awoke in the White House with the phrase on his lips. Rising, F.D.R. wheeled his chair to the guest suite, where the sound of running water drew him to the bathroom door. He pushed the door open and called out to the august figure sitting in the bathtub: "How about United Nations?" There was a gurgle of satisfaction from Prime Minister Churchill, who had been holding out against any highfalutin notions of world government. The P.M. rinsed the soap from his eyes, shook his head like a wet hippopotamus. Said Churchill: "That should do it."

Mice & Lions. F.D.R. was dead and Churchill too busy to attend when the U.N. put on its peacetime robes ten years ago. It was a time of victory; a war-weary world stirred with hope of something better. As the U.N.'s founding fathers were gathering in San Francisco, the bodies of Benito Mussolini and Clara Petacci were lowered into potter's field graves in Milan. Midway through the conference came the news that Hitler was dead. In the Utah desert, while the Pacific war raged on past Okinawa, a B-29 named *Enola Gay* was secretly being tested to carry the bomb that would make Japan, already defeated, plunge headlong into surrender.

Meeting at such a time, the delegates' first concern was to find ways of keeping the peace. They opened the U.N. charter with a ringing declaration: "We the peoples . . . determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war . . ." But when they got down to the details, the delegates proved to be headstrongly nationalistic. The U.N. is universal, or is meant to be, and all nations "large & small" are assured of "equality"—but Big Power dominance (specifically, the veto) is built into the U.N.'s constitution. No nation gives up sovereignty to the U.N.; none would and none was asked. In deference to British wishes, the U.N. is specifically forbidden to intervene in matters which are "essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state." Mexico complained at the time that the charter created "an order in the forest which will

World On Trial

[See Cover]

"O.K., O.K.," said the big, bald foreman, "now comes Chile." His crew of overworked workmen hefted Chile's red, blue and white banner and set it next to Canada's on the stage of San Francisco's gilded opera house. The workmen had 60 flags, from Afghanistan's to Yugoslavia's, to put in place. The occasion: the United Nations, born in San Francisco in June 1945, was back in its birthplace to celebrate its tenth anniversary.

From Yemen and El Salvador, Iceland and New Zealand, some 260 delegates journeyed to do homage to an organization that has power to subpoena none. They represented a total of 1.5 billion people. There, in the flesh, were black men, brown men and white, Communist and capitalist, Moslem and Confucian, atheist and Christian, vegetarian and carnivore. All told, 38 foreign ministers are gathered in San Francisco, among them the Big Four: Britain's Harold Macmillan,

France's Antoine Pinay, Russia's Vyacheslav Molotov and the U.S.'s John Foster Dulles. More than anything the assembled delegates say, their presence was proof of the attention that the U.N. still commands in the world.

To open the conference this week, the U.N. called on the President of the U.S. In the chair it placed The Netherlands' Eelco van Kleffens, 60, a familiar U.N. figure. But when the conference got under way, the man in charge was a slim and sandy-haired Swede with an easy smile, a sensitive mouth, and eyes the same color as the light blue U.N. flag. He is Dag Hjalmar Agne Carl Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the U.N. and the world's No. 1 international civil servant.

Mr. U.N. To millions who cannot pronounce his name ("Just call it Hammer-shield," he says. "That's what it means"), Dag Hammarskjöld is "Mr. U.N." He is the man whose job it is to stand between the representatives of Israel and the Arabs, India and Pakistan, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Hammarskjöld does not fancy himself as a "World Moderator," as the U.S. Government once suggested the Secretary-General should be called. He sees himself more modestly as the U.N.'s chief servant, ready to do the bidding of his bosses, the 60 nations. In the name of the United Nations, Hammarskjöld last winter journeyed to Peking to plead on behalf of humanity for the freedom of Americans held captive by the Red Chinese. His mission was a success, but Hammarskjöld, characteristically, claimed no credit. The Pentagon sent Air Force Chief of Staff General Nathan F. Twining to thank him personally for the release of the first four flyers (TIME, June 13).

Hammarskjöld is a quiet man, the exponent of "quiet diplomacy." Yet in this polished Swede, with his distaste for cocksure statements, lurks a calm, dogmatic conviction: that some day the U.N. will glow in the minds of men because there is no alternative.

Ten Years' Change. Cold war has shattered the U.N.'s first foundations (the wartime Grand Alliance), mangled its

GROMYKO TAKES A WALK (1946)





KOREAN WAR BRINGS COMBAT-READY U.S. MARINES TO PUSAN (1950)

David Douglas Duncan—LIFE

keep the mice in order, but not the lions." This was true, yet it was a simple fact of life that in the end it would be hard to "police" a big power without a world war.

Unreal Hopes. Not the charter, but its presentation got the U.N. off to a false start. The statesmen who wrote it had few illusions, but being politicians as well as lawyers, they communicated all their hopes and few of their reservations to the watching multitudes. The U.N. was gloriously advertised as a "Magna Carta for the world" (the phrase was John Foster Dulles'). "The most important human gathering since the Last Supper," said the *New York Post*. The optimism was contagious: it spread to the New York mechanic who made a metal ballot box for the U.N. Security Council and cast his own ballot in it ("May God be with every member of the U.N.O."); to a band of Mexican Alpinists who climbed Mt. Popocatepetl and placed the U.N. flag at its top; to Manhattan's ra-

dio station WNEW, which cranked out a popular ditty:

It may take a year or two, or maybe even three-o.

But some day all the world will be a happy family-o,

As we make the United Nations a reality-o.

We shall see a world where we're happy, safe and free-o.

Clubs & What-Have-You. Judged—as it has been—by these unreal hopes, the U.N. has scarcely prospered. Soviet vetoes, 60 in all, have paralyzed the Security Council. The Military Staff Committee, designed to be the strong right arm of the U.N., commands a baker's dozen of generals, admirals and air marshals who meet twice a month to inquire after each other's health. The U.N. has been defied (by South Africa), ignored (by Israel), bypassed (over Indo-China), mocked at (by Andrei Vishinsky, who said Western

disarmament proposals kept him "awake with laughter all night"). At one time or another, every colonial power has told the U.N. to mind its own business.

U.S. critics have accused the U.N. of poisoning American youth with "one worldism." The Daughters of the American Revolution have been advised to "go after it with clubs and what-have-you like our forefathers." Yet, for all its shortcomings, the U.S. as a whole appears overwhelmingly in favor of the U.N. Recent U.S. polls show that 62% of Americans are "broadly satisfied" with U.N. performance, and only 7% opposed. Partly, this response stems from a widespread notion that the U.N., like organized charity, is something no good citizen should be against. But it is also a recognition of the U.N.'s contributions to a score of peaceful settlements—the creation of the Kingdom of Libya and the Republic of Indonesia; the truces (however uneasy) in Kashmir and Palestine; the safeguarding of Greece from Communist attack. "With all the defects, with all the failures that we can check up against it," says President Eisenhower, "the U.N. still represents man's best-organized hope to substitute the conference table for the battlefield . . . Where every new invention of the scientist seems to make it more nearly possible for man to ensure his own elimination from this globe. I think the United Nations has become sheer necessity."

Such qualification, and then such acceptance, was widespread last week. "We are only babes," says Dag Hammarskjöld. "We must have more time." Much of the limited enthusiasm for U.N. stems not from fearing its strength but from an indifference born of its weakness.

Colossal Intangible. Actually, the U.N. is condemned by its origins to be no better than its members make it. Blaming the U.N. for Soviet intransigence or the danger of atomic war is like blaming the law courts for crime or the medical profession for death. The U.N. is not a super-state; if it had been, the U.S., as well as



BERNARDOTTE (WITH BUNCHE) BEFORE HIS MURDER IN PALESTINE (1948)

the other big powers, certainly would have turned it down. Nor is it a world federation: no fewer than 21 nations, including half the countries of Europe, are missing from the line-up.⁹

The U.N., says Sir Winston Churchill, is the expression of "the heart's desire . . . of the vast majority of all the peoples . . . to earn their daily bread in peace." The U.N.'s moral power derives from its ability to mobilize a great intangible: world public opinion. It was a sense of this moral power that led the Belgians to improve conditions in their trust territory of Ruanda Urundi—before the U.N. Trusteeship Council sent out an inspection team. The British and French pulled their troops out of Syria and Lebanon in 1946 because, as civilized nations, they were unwilling to fly in the face of censure in the Security Council.

Nor are the Communists always imperious to the U.N.'s moral writ. In the battle for men's minds, they cannot afford to be. Soviet troops pulled out of Iran in 1946 soon after the Security Council cocked an eye at their presence. Russian delegates pay the U.N. the compliment of hypocrisy, invariably attempting to justify their conduct on the basis of the U.N. charter: Red China seeks desperately to join the U.N. club.

U.N. in Action. In the talkative flesh, the U.N. often seems out of touch—an assemblage of political arachnids busily spinning a web of Whereas and Be-It-Resolveds. "The flow of speech and the spate of words in the United Nations are quite incredible and in time become insupportable," complained New Zealand's delegate. Sir Carl Berendsen, Pakistan's Zafrullah Khan once talked for two days, and set a U.N. record. Britain's Selwyn Lloyd, listening to the same interminable speech by Soviet, Polish, Czech, Ukrainian and Byelo Russian delegates, remarked in Oxonian tones: "If I may lapse into the idiom of bebop, just dig that cracked record." Sometimes U.N. humor has been less intentional, as when Warren Austin advised the Arabs and the Jews to "settle this problem in a true Christian spirit."

Watching the U.N. show on television, Americans have had an international political education and, on occasion, a sense of stirring drama. They heard the brutal voice of Red China, and saw for themselves that it was authentic, when Peking sent General Wu to vilify the U.S. before the Security Council. They were moved by the sight of Africans pleading with the U.N. to set them free from colonialism; they laughed at the great debate over the 30-year-old Fon of Bikom and his 110 wives. They watched President Eisenhower appear dramatically before the General Assembly with his offer of "atoms for peace"—an occasion when even the Russians applauded. At first, the favorite show was the eleven-man Security Council. It provided some big moments: the first Soviet walkout, with glowering Andrei Gromyko opening the abyss of cold

war as he stamped out in a huff; the televised East-West duels starring Britain's Sir Gladwyn Jebb ("I'd rather watch Jebb than the wrestlers," said one enraptured fan), and the voice of the Russian purge trials: acid-tongued Andrei Vishinsky.

Structural Change. The U.N.'s most decisive hour was the Korean invasion, when the Security Council sanctioned the first armed collective effort to punish one nation for invading another. The resolution passed the Security Council only by a fluke—the Russian delegate had walked out and thus was not present to veto. It was an error the Russians never repeated. The result has been an important change in the structure of the U.N. With its "executive" arm (the Security Council) tied up by Communist vetoes, the U.N. General Assembly in 1950 passed a "Uniting for Peace" resolution that gives it the power to act by a two-thirds vote whenever the Security Council is deadlocked. Soon afterwards, by 44 to 7, Communist China became the first nation in history to be solemnly tried and condemned for an aggression.

Looking back on the U.N.'s first decade, U.S. Chief Delegate Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. concludes that "coercive power" is increasingly becoming the responsibility of regional organizations (NATO, etc.), while "the moral and psychological power" is wielded in the General Assembly and the Security Council. "This is, I believe, the arrangement which Senator Vandenberg and others advocated at San Francisco, but which was opposed at the time by those who wanted both coercive and moral power centered in the U.N."

Bridging the Gap. Subordinate to the General Assembly is the U.N.'s Trusteeship Council, which keeps an eye on the "human rights" of 20 million people in ten trust territories. Less known in the U.S., which is too prosperous to need its assistance, is the Economic and Social Council, with its ten specialized agencies. The work of these agencies has sometimes been flavored by visionary blueprinting and a blurry, do-gooder vocabulary, sometimes hampered by a new breed of international civil servant (many of them dedicated and imaginative, but others inefficient, impractical and vapid). There has been much waste, but also much done.

Like good government, the special agencies (see chart) are least conspicuous when they are working well. The International Telecommunication Union makes it possible for an American to telephone any one of 81 million telephone subscribers outside the U.S. The World Meteorological Organization gives warnings of storms in Asia, of locust pests in the Middle East; letters and parcels move freely across the continents and oceans because the Universal Postal Union divides the expenses among its 93 member nations.

The U.N.'s least known and most successful work is its continuing effort to rescue half the world's population from poverty and distress. With a yearly budget of barely one thousandth of the world's yearly arms bill, a handful of U.N.

⁹ Blocked by the Soviet Union: Austria, Ceylon, Finland, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Nepal, Portugal, Korea. Opposed by the West: Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Mongolian People's Republic, Rumania. Up for consideration: Laos, Libya, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Viet Minh, North Korea. Not interested: Switzerland, which thinks the U.N. would "endanger our neutrality."



men and women are seeking by peaceful means to bridge the gap between the haves and the have-nots.

They confront some appalling facts. Most of the human race cannot read or write. Each year, 300 million suffer from malaria. The world's population is increasing by 100,000 a day, but of its 900 million children, two-thirds are underfed.

A bigger fact is that these people in their millions are rapidly becoming aware that elsewhere in the world people are better off. Half the world's population is experiencing what economists call "a revolution of expectations"; they find it possible to improve their lives. Some of the things the U.N. is doing:

❑ **The U.N. Children's Fund (UNICEF)** in 1954 helped organize mass health campaigns that examined 400 million children in 88 countries, vaccinating 14 million against TB, treating 2,000,000 for yaws and other skin diseases, 9,000,000 against malaria and typhus.

❑ **The U.N. Refugee Agencies** provide a basic ration for 887,000 Arab refugees, primary education for 155,000 of their children. In Korea, the U.N. Reconstruction Agency has not only delivered immense amounts of food, fuel and machinery, but a team of British textile men who have taught their Korean spinners to speak English (with a Lancashire accent).

❑ **The World Health Organization** has helped the government wipe out yaws in Haiti, where it affected a third of the rural population in 1950. It expects to wipe out malaria in Afghanistan this year. Teams of WHO technicians are vaccinating Peruvian Indians, spraying Thai villages with DDT, training Pakistani girls in midwifery, teaching villagers in India to do a daily "twig-toothbrush" drill, using powdered charcoal as a dentifrice.

❑ **The U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization** strives to keep a balance between the world's population growth and its food supply. A 51-day stay in Iran was long enough for a team of U.N. water experts, using light aircraft, to locate 50 new wells; Thai farmers, after learning from FAO experts of techniques developed in the Canary Islands, can now grow pineapples as a year-round crop.

❑ **U.N. Technical Assistants**, often using funds loaned to governments by the World Bank, are making marks in the have-nots' economies. In Pakistan, the output of an iron foundry was increased 44% by a U.N. technical mission. A forgotten village in Mexico tripled its population, opened a cinema and sent seven times as many children to school within three years after the World Bank financed a small diesel power plant. U.N. experts are ubiquitous in the underdeveloped free lands—a Haitian coffee expert and an Australian lumberjack teaching their trades in Addis Ababa, a Rhodesian statistician in Libya, an Icelandic engineer in Ceylon, a Danish fishing expert multiplying the catch of Chile's fisherfolk by replacing their oars with outboard engines.

Gloss House. Coordinating the labors of these far-flung agencies and linking them to the U.N. proper is the job of the

Secretariat: some 3,100 international civil servants who work in the U.N.'s "glass house," overlooking Manhattan's East River. A shaft of gleaming white marble boxing 5,400 green-tinted windows, the U.N. capitol was built on land that was paid for by John D. Rockefeller Jr. (price: \$8,500,000) and furnished with teak from Burma, Jerusalem stone from Israel, carpets from India and Iran, and dramatically barren decoration by the Scandinavians. The U.N. Plaza has become Manhattan's top tourist attraction.

The nerve center of the Secretariat is the immaculate 38th floor, paneled with Norwegian spruce and aflame with modern paintings: Picasso, Matisse, Braque. There, amid his paintings, toying with a small cigar at his clean Swedish-made

to settle. Trygve Lie, Hammarskjöld's Norwegian predecessor, sometimes gave the impression that he thought he could settle anything. Earnest and eager, Lie once hawked his personal plan for 20 years of peace from one world capital to another. He got nowhere with it. Ruefully, Trygve Lie warned his successor: "This is the most impossible job in the world."

The Quiet Man. Where Lie thrived on publicity, Hammarskjöld avoids it. "You know, people don't mind taking advice," he says, "but they don't like being publicized as taking advice." Hammarskjöld operates best in the quiet of his office. A continuous stream of U.N. ambassadors tap on his door, present him with their problems and seek his good offices. Inter-



COLD WAR STUDY—LODGE FUMES, JEBB NODS, VISHINSKY THREATENS

desk, sits the man in charge of it all: Dag Hammarskjöld.

Impossible Job. "My first job," says Hammarskjöld, "is to run this House"—his name for the Secretariat. The Secretary-General hires and fires the U.N.'s multilingual employees, deals with New York City over U.N. parking privileges, approves the monthly bills for 100 tons of paper, 200,000 outgoing phone calls, and 335 cleaners who sweep 2,000,000 sq. ft. of flooring and seven miles of carpets. Hammarskjöld runs his House with all the frugal efficiency of a well-brought-up Swedish housewife. He lopped \$1,000,000 a year off the Secretariat's budget, last week ordered U.N. employees assigned to the San Francisco meeting to travel by air coach (estimated saving: \$7,000).

More important, the S.G. has the right to draft resolutions and take part in all U.N. debates. His duty, laid down in the charter, is to "bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter which in his opinion may threaten . . . international peace." In practice, this means that the S.G. may inject himself into any international dispute he thinks he can help

viewed by the New York Times's A. M. Rosenthal, the S.G. once tried to pin down the exact nature of what he does for them. "Go-between" he rejected: "That's a bumbay word. . . . Catalytic agent? A little better. Clearinghouse, link. That's better still."

Hammarskjöld's big achievement has been to build up the delegates' trust in his tact, discretion and perspicacity. He has made the S.G.'s office "available." "That's not an obscure diplomatic word," he explained meticulously. "It means that here sits a man who the delegations know can be used to check their own opinions against the opinions of other countries, who will pass on not their confidences but the conclusions he has drawn from them, who perhaps can advise, who perhaps is in a better position to judge than any single delegate."

Who? Two years ago, Hammarskjöld was almost unknown outside Sweden. Official biographies were not helpful: little emerged except that Hammarskjöld was Minister Without Portfolio in the Swedish Foreign Office and had lectured in economics. Arriving in New York, Hammarskjöld let it be known that his hobby

was mountaineering, his favorite pastime reading (T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner, Thomas Mann) and his favorite artists the moderns.

Red Castle. Ever since, he complains, he has been labeled by his enthusiasms. But they do reflect him. Hammarskjöld is a nature mystic, as are many of his countrymen; he was raised in a lasting mold of aristocratic aloofness, intellectual precision and governmental pomp and circumstance. He was born in the little town of Jonköping, onetime matchmaking capital of the world, 180 miles southwest of Stockholm. His family got its name from Sweden's hero King, Charles IX, who rewarded one of Dag's ancestors with a knighthood and the name Hammarskjöld in token of his valor in the year 1610. Five Hammarskjölds in the last two generations have served Sweden as Cabinet ministers, and one, Dag's father Hjalmar, was Prime Minister (1914-17).

Dag grew up at Uppsala (pop. 150,000), the ancient Swedish university town whence his father, as the royal governor, ruled the province of Uppsala. The Hammarskjölds made their home in Uppsala Castle, a gaunt, towered pile that has brooded over the yellow-bricked city for more than 400 years. Like most castles, it was drafty, but Dag had a cozy room not far from the huge State Hall where his father held official receptions and the servants sometimes dried the family wash.

The Hermit. From the red castle on the hill, Dag walked to school along the same winding paths and medieval streets his three brothers had taken before him. He studied at Uppsala for 20 years—at Aunt Hildur's private school, where he learned the three Rs and collected bugs in a bottle; at the sternly classical high school, where one of his classmates was Jarl Hjalmarson, now the leader of the Swedish Conservative Party. At Uppsala University Dag took a B.A., majoring in

philosophy and French literature. He is also a bachelor of laws and a doctor of economics. Dag was a brilliant scholar; he had little time for social life. In his 20s, he wrote a paper called *Konjunkturspridningen* (The Spread of the Business Cycle). It was couched in language so abstruse that few of his colleagues understood it, but Dag prefaced it with a quote from *Alice in Wonderland*: "That's nothing to what I could say if I chose," the Duchess replied in a pleased tone.

Man on a Bike. Dag followed family tradition, went into government service. He was Under Secretary of Finance in charge of the Budget at 31. At night, Stockholm cops would point to a single light burning in the Treasury building and say, "Hammarskjöld's still counting." Occasionally he would stop at the barber's shop for a 7 a.m. shave on his way home from the office.

Hammarskjöld's relaxations were even more strenuous. Weekends, Hammarskjöld would often disappear to climb a mountain, alone. "On vacations," says his brother Sten, "he still puts on an open-neck shirt and shorts, and with his hair streaming in the wind, pedals his bicycle furiously along the roads of Sweden." On one occasion, Hammarskjöld cycled to a town in the south of Sweden and asked for a hotel room. The clerk examined the sweaty, youthful figure in shorts, with rucksack, and told him to try the youth hostel. The chairman of the board of the Bank of Sweden, Dag Hammarskjöld, did as he was told.

U.N. Draft. It was Hammarskjöld's rare combination of brilliance, discretion and modesty that first attracted the British and the French, who proposed him for Secretary-General. The first rumors reached him in his Stockholm apartment one night in 1952, but thinking it was a joke, he replied: "Amused but not interested." Then came confirmation from the

U.N. "It was like the draft," he says looking back. "But an obligation can develop into a privilege, and it really has."

Man with a Mission. In Manhattan, Dag Hammarskjöld lives in an eight-room apartment on Park Avenue at 73rd Street. He furnished it himself, simply but well, as befits a man who earns \$20,000 a year, tax free, and gets another \$20,000 for expenses. His household consists of a Swedish butler, a Swedish housekeeper, a Norwegian secretary and an American chauffeur who drives him to the U.N. building five days a week, and to his 80-acre estate in New York State on weekends. Hammarskjöld is the most eligible bachelor in New York, but he keeps himself to himself. He goes bareheaded all the year round, wears ready-made blue or grey lounge suits, loafers, and bright bow ties. When he works he smokes a pipe; when he chats, a little cigar. He eats lightly and enjoys good wine.

Dag Hammarskjöld's sense of mission derives from two opposing forces that seem forever to be driving him on. Hammarskjöld, by his own reading of himself, is simultaneously a mystic and a materialist, a romantic and a realist. As a student, he was deeply influenced by the negativist philosophy of Axel Hagerstrom, who taught that metaphysics is dishonest and only matter real. The influence lingers: when Hammarskjöld is talking business, he is as hard as stone. Yet the "Great Deceiver," as an old friend calls Hammarskjöld, writes intense romantic lyrics and goes roaming through the Lapland mountains in search of a mystic ideal. In many men, such a dichotomy could lead to complications. But Hammarskjöld's mind seems to have found a satisfactory synthesis. His philosophy is complex but its basic rule is clear: "self-surrender" to an ideal which can be made reality through faith and material hard work.

Ideal or Reality? The U.N., he thinks, is such an ideal, corresponding to a felt need in all humanity. But can it be made reality while men are men, and nations nations? The world is not yet ready, and may never be, for a world government. It does need multilateral diplomacy. The mere existence of the U.N. sometimes makes a settlement possible because nations that will not yield an inch before their next-door neighbor will beat a retreat more gracefully in response to an appeal from the U.N. It gives the Communists a soapbox, but it also provides small nations with a useful forum for world debate; at its best, it gives everyone a court of appeal before the bar of world opinion.

History's verdict on the U.N. is still in the jury box. But Dag Hammarskjöld is confident what it will be. "The U.N. is not just a product of do-gooders," he says. "It is harshly real." He once told an interviewer: "The day will come when men will see the U.N. and what it means clearly. Everything will be all right—you know when? When people, just people, stop thinking of the United Nations as a weird Picasso abstraction, and see it as a drawing they made themselves."



ON MISSION TO PEKING, HAMMARSKJÖLD TOASTS CHINA'S CHOU EN-LAI

FOREIGN NEWS

SOUTH AFRICA

Last Bastion

By democratic process, the Union of South Africa last week became a state headed for authoritarianism. In a final debate the Senate voted itself into helplessness, leaving legislative and administrative power securely in the hands of a fanatical Nationalist Party committed to disenfranchise all citizens of mixed blood.

Democracy has always been rather shallowly rooted in South Africa, but one of its bastions was the Senate, a review body with power to bring about a joint session of Parliament to reconsider bills deemed by the Senators to be unwise. For four years the Senate held out against Nationalist attack. But the Nationalists of tough, gimlet-eyed Prime Minister Johannes Gerhardus Strydom, in control of the Assembly, were able to enlarge and pack the Senate with their nominees and rob the review chamber of its powers.

In a last-minute effort to fight the bill, United Party Opposition Leader Strauss tried to win support among more moderate Nationalists by declaring that if his party should get power again, he would not guarantee to restore the vote to colored citizens. The announcement merely split his own party. Quietly and remorselessly the Senate debated its own death sentence. One by one Senators rose to make their last speeches. Natal's Edward Brown seemed near to tears as he spoke his own political requiem: "This is a rape of the constitution. The country is at the mercy of the Nationalist Cabinet. It's no longer *Folkswiel* [i.e., the will of the people] but *Natswiel*." Then, slumping back into his seat, he said: "This is the last speech I shall make until the country returns to democracy."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Entrails & Entreaties

High in the central mountains north of Saigon, Premier Ngo Dinh Diem, solemn and immaculate in a white sharkskin suit, sat on a canopied dais before representatives of 600,000 mountain tribesmen. Huge brass gongs sounded out a trifling chant. Tribesmen, some wearing only loincloths, others rigged out in bright robes and peacock feathers placed ceremonial jars of wine from each mountain village before him. Through long, curved bamboo stems, Diem took a ceremonial draught from each jar. Then village elders slipped three large gold bracelets on Diem's arm, spread the head and entrails of two sacrificed water buffaloes before him, and pledged their allegiance to his government.

Not only with sacrificial entrails, but in other useful ways, more and more Vietnamese last week gave signs of Diem's growing control in his divided country. At Hue, the ancient royal capital of Annam, the council of the royal family, asserting



François Sully-Lièvre

PREMIER DIEM & FRIEND SIPPING WINE FROM JAR
Pledges of allegiance: two water buffaloes, three gold bracelets.

an ancient prerogative, read ex-Emperor Bao Dai out of the family, forbade him the use of the imperial name, and pledged support to Diem's republican government.

Farther south, Diem's young army, proving more efficient than critics expected, broke the resistance of the rebellious armed Hoa Hao sect. One of Hoa Hao's top warlords, General Lam Thanh Nguyen, slipped into Saigon to seek surrender terms. Diem received him with an ultimatum: bring all rebel troops over to the government immediately or face destruction. Within 30 minutes Lam agreed to have his 8,000 regular troops in government ranks within the week, and ordered an estimated 30,000 to 50,000 guerrilla supporters to cease all anti-government activities. Other Hoa Hao warlords, including top General Tran Van Soai, have reportedly fled across the border to Cambodia, leaving their troops behind, leaderless and trapped in a tiny circle of paddies.

RED CHINA

Revolt Crushed

Over Radio Peking last week came a curious report. There had been an attempt, said the official Communist radio, to overthrow the government. The plotters were a group of "religious sects" operating among the Buddhist farmers of Hopei Province (who have always chafed under the Communists' anti-religious policies). The government had found, near Peking, 27 underground "code rooms" and "hideaways," one of them big enough for more than 30 people. The rebels had intended to re-establish a monarchy.

Heretofore, Red China's masters have dismissed rebels in scornful and deprecatory terms as "bandits," "imperialist agents," "members of the discredited Chiang Kai-shek clique." This time the

Communists did not put the onus on foreign agents, but conceded the existence of a home-grown opposition to the People's Government. "The leaders of the group," said the Peking radio, "were sentenced to death."

MOROCCO

The Dangerous Middle

Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil was a leading member of France's financial aristocracy. He was also a devious politician who was pro-Fascist before the war, but later, as a top adviser of General Giraud, helped arrange for the Allied landings in North Africa. In hate-filled Morocco, where his peanut-oil business was based, Lemaigre-Dubreuil believed in a moderate policy of "evolutionary autonomy" as a matter of hardheaded self-interest. All that was needed, he argued, was "a little imagination, a lot of good will, a lot of love, great reciprocal confidence based on facts, not promises." Two months ago he bought control of Casablanca's *Moroc-Presse*, a lonely newspaper voice reviled by French extremists for espousing such views. In France's fostering protectorate, where Arab hatred swells with despair, and French far breeds demands for brutal repression, the middle is a dangerous place.

One afternoon last weekend, Lemaigre flew back to Morocco from a Paris meeting with Premier Edgar Faure. He sat down at a desk and scribbled a note to Faure: "The situation is getting worse."

Late that night, Lemaigre left the luxurious Casablanca apartment house where he lives, intending to drive out to the airport for a night flight to Rabat on business. As he and a friend were about to enter their car, two black Citroëns crossed the deserted plaza and slowed down. There

were two bursts of machine-gun fire. Lemaigre, with 13 slugs in his body, dropped to the pavement, mortally wounded. The 9-mm. bullets were of the type used by Casablanca police.

Pigs & Rats. As had no other incident, the murder shocked France into a sense of urgency. Premier Faure was roused from bed at 3 a.m. in Paris to hear the news. Next morning he rushed off to see Lemaigre's widow, then summoned Pierre July, Minister for Tunisia and Morocco, for urgent consultation. Emerging from this meeting, July declared bluntly: "Counter-terrorism . . . once again has dishonored France." He sent France's No. 1 cop, Roger Wybot, to investigate the murder and reorganize Casablanca's police force.

Wybot's mission was official admission of what has long been recognized privately in Morocco—that French counter-terrorists are operating with the indulgence and sometimes cooperation of the local French police. Counter-terrorism began about nine months ago soon after the arrival of gentle Francis Lacoste to succeed General Augustin Guillaume as Resident General. To suspicious French *colons*, Lacoste, after hard-boiled General Guillaume, smelled of negotiation and compromise, and they denounced the national government's policy as "treason."

Clandestine French organizations sprang up, calling themselves "The White Hand," and "*Agir*" (to act). They were manned by hired killers imported from France, professional thugs, sometimes ex-police-men. Frenchmen who advocated moderation and negotiation began to receive threatening letters ("Pig, you have sold out to the rats. Your days are numbered").

Then came the bombs. The *Maroc Presse* was a special target; the managing editor was threatened, the executive editor driven from Morocco by bombings and machine-gun attempts on himself and his family. The counter-terrorists operated with the obvious sympathy of diehard *colon* organizations such as the *Présence Française*. When one suspected killer eluded police questioning, it was discovered later that he had driven off in a red sports car belonging to a prominent physician and *Présence Française* leader and had holed up for several weeks at the physician's estate in France. The plan was obvious: by provoking violence and silencing conciliators, the French counter-terrorists hoped to prove that there was no other course but total repression, no other method but brutal force to snuff out Arab independence.

Unwelcome Lion. Symptomatic was the story of Pierre Clostermann, France's leading fighter pilot in World War II, a national hero and a Deputy in the National Assembly. Clostermann was a social lion when he first moved to Morocco five years ago to establish a structural-steel concern. Urged on by President Auriol himself, Clostermann befriended Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, and advocated a "dialogue" between Moroccans and French. He fought those who

engineered Ben Youssef's deposition and replacement with the pitiful French stooge Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Araf. Soon Clostermann was cut out of French business in the colony, found he was no longer welcome in the French clubs and social groups that had once cultivated him. The steel syndicate, which had elected him president, expelled him. Then one night a bomb shattered his front door.

Before the police arrived, Clostermann got a call from a friendly top French official. "Don't let them in," he warned. "Once they get the layout, they won't miss again." Now Clostermann goes about armed. In nine months French counter-terrorists have committed more than 80



PIERRE CLOSTERMANN
A man must protect himself.

murders. In nine months the sympathetic local police have not made a single arrest.

Countering the Terror. At week's end, Policeman Wybot returned to Paris with a head full of facts and names, and the Faure government steeled itself to act against the suspects, some of whom were reputedly lodged in embarrassingly high places. As a start, special detectives sent from Paris arrested a man long suspected of organizing counter-terrorism—one-time Chief Police Inspector Jean Delrieu, once head of the Casablanca police unit charged with combatting Arab terrorism.

For 13 months the French government in Paris has been guilty of an *immobilisme* in Morocco, hoping that the new treaty with neighboring Tunisia (which gives the Arabs some hope of self-government) would in time prove a model for Morocco. Now the Lemaigre murder has shocked into silence even advocates of strong repression like Marshal Juin. Action is long overdue, unless France is to see Morocco go the way of Indo-China.

GREAT BRITAIN

Orphan, M.P.

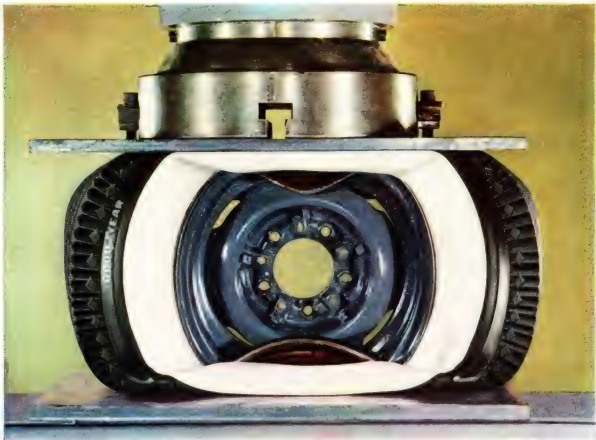
In the U.S., custom decrees that freshmen Congressmen during their first months in office are better seen than heard. Neophyte British M.P.s, on the other hand, are expected to create something of a stir when they rise to make their maiden speech in Parliament. Last week 34-year-old Ron Ledger, newly-elected Labor Member for Romford, devoted his maiden speech to a plea for more free nurseries. To give his argument force, he told the story of a certain renegade father and of a mother, pregnant and destitute, who was forced to abandon her three children to the care of an orphanage. "Thirteen years later," said the young Laborite, "one of the children went out into the world . . . and, indeed, is today a Member of this House." At this dramatic point, as his fellow parliamentarians pricked up their ears, Ron Ledger added: "But I have not the slightest idea where my brother, my sister, my mother, my father, or any other relative might be."

Ron Ledger's maiden speech, with his picture alongside, got big play in London newspapers. Before the week was out, Mrs. Iris Diplock, wife of an electrician near the Old Kent Road, had stepped forward to claim Ron as a brother, as had William Ledger, a baker of Tadworth, and Joan, a sister he had never known. "It's been astounding," said M.P. Ledger at week's end. "I have already discovered eight new nephews and nieces, not to mention a brother and two sisters."

Page Captain Hornblower

After more than two weeks of paralyzing idleness, Britain's trains were running again. But settlement of the railway strike gave the Eden government little more relief than that of a householder who puts out a fire in the living room only to find his front yard engulfed by a flood. Allowed to move freely through the countryside once more, huge piles of export freight and armies of overseas-bound passengers found themselves stopped short at Britain's shores by a 25-day-old dockers' strike and a wildcat walkout of seamen manning the Commonwealth's huge passenger vessels.

One after another, the Cunard Line's *Britannic*, *Mauretania* and *Saxonia* and the Canadian Pacific's *Empress of Australia* and *Empress of Scotland* missed their sailing dates as a result of the seamen's and stewards' demand for a shorter work week—44 hours as opposed to what they call the 56-70 hours now demanded of them. As the week drew on, the strikers immobilized the biggest prize of all, the *Queen Mary*, fuming with indignation because the shipowners had pooh-poohed the likelihood of a strike until they were comfortably settled in their cabins, hundreds of the *Mary's* passengers, many of them U.S. tourists, were bundled off the ship and deposited back in London, to stand holding wilted flowers and half-empty champagne bottles in Waterloo



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Station. "I'm going to see my Congressman about all this as soon as I get back home," growled one vacationing New Jerseyite. Cunard got busy placing its passengers on transatlantic planes, filling up all scheduled flights and chartering special planes when necessary.

Many sea passengers were suddenly confronted with expensive excess-baggage fees on the planes. Far more tragically stranded were hundreds of outward-bound British emigrants, many of whom had sold all they possessed and spent a futile fortnight fighting their way across a strikebound country only to come to a full stop at the gateway. Short of funds in the emergency, many signed on at the Labor Exchange for temporary jobs.

At week's end, as the *Queen Elizabeth* headed in from New York to face the fate of her great sister ship, the government tried to end the seamen's wildcat strike by voiding their exemption from military service. One frustrated passenger on the *Queen Mary* could only think of what his favorite hero would have done under the circumstances. "Captain Hornblower," huffed his creator, bestselling Novelist C. S. Forester, "would have shoved all the strikers in irons."

Snug Harbor

If ever sailors on submarine duty have a right to feel safe, it is when their sub is lying on the surface, lashed securely to her mother ship in some snug harbor. Last week, tied up to the depot ship *Maidstone* in Dorsetshire's Portland Harbor, the British submarine *Sidon* lazily made ready for sea and five hours of torpedo practice. Far up in her bow, an armament officer was inspecting the last of the practice fish: on her conning tower. Lieut. Hugh Verry, beginning his last day of duty as *Sidon's* captain, stood by to give the order, "Cast off"; aboard the depot ship *Maidstone*, a 27-year-old navy doctor, Surgeon-Lieut. Eric Rhodes, had just plunged into his bowl of breakfast corn flakes. It was 8:25 a.m.

To the men below decks in the *Maidstone*, what happened in the next second sounded only "like a heavy door banging," but those on deck who happened to be watching saw a sheet of flame roar up through the *Sidon's* conning tower like a rocket's tail blast. Caps, coats and bits of furniture were hurled aloft in the explosion (presumably of torpedo fuel), and as a huge cloud of yellowish smoke billowed out, the men of the *Sidon* streamed up from below, their clothes torn, their faces bloody. In the *Maidstone's* mess, Lieut. Rhodes pushed aside his corn flakes, raced to the gangplank and across another sub's deck to the *Sidon*. "I saw him go down the hatch in a cloud of smoke," said a steward who was standing near, "and a minute later he came back, half carrying an injured seaman." The young doctor called for morphine and turned to go below again, but another doctor restrained him until he had been fitted with a respirator. Not knowing how to use the gadget, Lieut. Rhodes listened impatiently



London Daily Express

ERIC RHODES

For the third time, and last.

to the hurried instructions, clamped it on his face and plunged below once more. A few minutes later, he emerged with another injured sailor, then darted below for a third time.

At 8:55 a.m., as the seas poured into the *Sidon*, Captain Verry gave the order: "Abandon ship." There were some frantic, last-minute rescue attempts, all hopeless. "Through the smoke," said one of the last to give up, "I could see Lieut. Rhodes lying at the bottom of the conning tower. I called for a lifeline, but before I could get it, the conning tower hatch jammed. When I looked again, I could not see the lieutenant, and there was no chance of going back."

A few minutes later, up to his own chin in water, the *Sidon's* captain left his bridge. Soon the smear of oil and two rings of bubbles were all that was left on the surface. On the bottom, six fathoms down, lay the *Sidon*, Lieut. Rhodes and twelve crewmen, all mute to the appeals of divers who went down to tap out Morse on the ship's hull in a hopeless search for signs of life.

SINGAPORE

Test of Strength

In Singapore, bastion of British strength in Southeast Asia, the Communists at last felt strong enough to attack in the open. For months they had worked to infiltrate the local Chinese, who make up 80% of the city's 1,200,000 population. They wormed their way into control of unions, and organized a handy riot squad of 3,000 students (whose schools, say wags, now teach "reading, rioting and 'rithmetic'"). To pay their way, they shook down wealthy Chinese merchants, those shrewd barometers of "who's ahead," who have become convinced that Red Peking is the way of the future.

Last week the Communists proclaimed a "general strike." Nominally, the strike was a protest against the arrest of six of their leaders, but its real aim was to embarrass the new leftist government of David Marshall, Chief Minister Marshall, a fast-talking criminal lawyer who greatly admires Nye Bevan, horrified Singapore's starchy Britishers by winning the colony's first election two months ago. His election also aroused the Communists, who resented his stealing their campaign for self-government away from them. Moving into action, the Communist strike organizers halted bus lines, picketed pineapple canneries, granite quarries, rubber godowns, breweries and sago plants. Red goons growled threats at cabbies; the city's taxis disappeared from the streets.

Marshall stood firm, would not release the prisoners, and would not be tempted to violence, although the colony's 4,500 khaki-clad police kept a 24-hour vigil. Across the causeway, on mainland Johore, tough Gurkha troops waited in reserve.

On the strike's third day, the tide began to turn. Despite Communist intimidation, 1,700 taxis appeared again in Singapore's streets. Winning little sympathy at home or abroad, and succeeding in pulling out only 17,000 workers from the city's 120,000-man labor force, the Communists finally ordered the strikers back to work. Lawyer Marshall's government had won its first test case.

ITALY

The Goat

At 61, Giovanni Roveda is still a child of revolution, has spent almost all his life on the barricades of Italy's reddest and most aggressive union movement. Roveda was leader of the workers who occupied the Turin factories in the uprising of 1921. Mussolini put him in jail for eleven years. In the wartime Italian resistance he was captured by the Fascists, escaped a firing squad at Verona. He became a Communist Senator and mayor of industrial Turin (pop. 726,618). Then in 1946 he was instructed to resign as mayor, and became instead secretary-general of the powerful, Communist-run Metallurgical Workers Union, whose biggest branch is Italy's biggest employer, the Fiat automotive works.

Communist Party strength among the workers is now waning (it has fallen off nationally 10% to 15% in the last six months), and the most staggering defeat of all was its defeat at Fiat (TIME, April 11). Recriminations filled the air. "Time after time," charged Communist Deputy Agostino Novella, "the party had no adequate warning of what was happening." The Communists were hungry for a scapegoat. A meeting last week of the five national secretaries of the party found one. They decided "to liberate Comrade Roveda" from his onerous duties and told him to go take a health cure. To succeed the ousted comrade, they appointed 50-year-old Novella, the man who put the finger on Roveda.

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Revolt at Noon

Through the brooding noonday fog, a navy plane swooped down toward Buenos Aires' spreading Plaza de Mayo. Watchers in the busy plaza felt no alarm; air force planes were scheduled to drop flowers at midday on the plaza's Roman Catholic cathedral in honor of Argentine Liberator José de San Martín, whose tomb is in the church. But instead of dropping flowers, the plane loosed two dark objects that hurtled downward toward President Juan Perón's headquarters, the block-long Casa Rosada (Pink House) standing at the other end of the plaza.

An eardrum-rupturing explosion, then another, sent blinding clouds of smoke and dust billowing into the air. Jagged pieces of steel ripped into scores of bodies. Cries of pain and terror rang out. A young woman stared in silent dismay at her bleeding leg stump. As survivors scattered in panic, a few more navy planes roared in low over the plaza. Two more bombs burst. From upper windows of the nearby Navy Ministry, machine guns sprayed the Pink House.

A White Flag. The most serious attempt in nine years to dislodge Strongman Perón had begun—on the very day that he was excommunicated by the Pope for his bitter fight with the Roman Catholic Church. Ten minutes earlier, Perón, warned by intelligence agents that a military revolt was about to break out, had hustled out of the Pink House. Within minutes after the first bomb exploded, truckloads of soldiers raced to defend the Pink House from an advancing skirmish line of rebel marines. A government radio station shrilly called upon members of the Perón-controlled General Labor Confederation (C.G.T.) to seize automobiles, trucks and buses—killing the drivers if



Associated Press
GENERALS PERÓN & LUCERO
Everything under control.

necessary—and hasten to the Plaza de Mayo.

Perón needed no help from the C.G.T.; he had a lopsided preponderance of military power: the army, most of the air force, part of the navy. Tanks and infantry beat back the attacking marines. Troops with tanks and light artillery besieged the Navy Ministry, the rebel headquarters. The revolutionaries inside ran up a white surrender flag within two hours, abruptly lowered it when a new wave of rebel planes swept in and strafed the besiegers, then raised the flag again. Among the rebels captured was the revolt's leader, Rear Admiral Aníbal O. Olivieri, 48, Juan Perón's Navy Minister since 1951.

Planes Across the River. By 3 p.m. the battle of Buenos Aires seemed over. Gawkers gathered in the battered plaza. Between announcements that Perón was

victorious and the nation tranquil, a radio station inanely played a record of an old George Gershwin song, *Somebody Loves Me, I Wonder Who!* Suddenly, rebel airmen struck again. Planes swept across the plaza, dropping bombs and raking soldiers and civilians with machine-gun fire. Hundreds more were killed or wounded.

After that, the revolt quickly faded out. During the afternoon, tank-led army units captured the rebels' air base east of the capital. With no place to land and refuel, the pilots gave up, headed across the River Plate toward Uruguay, longtime haven for enemies of Juan Perón. Before nightfall, 38 planes carrying 124 revolutionaries landed on Uruguayan soil. The flyers blamed their defeat on the fog, which hindered rebel planes and warships and prevented a planned landing on the Buenos Aires waterfront; they also complained bitterly of a last-minute backdown by army commanders who had promised to join the revolt. Through the night, a clandestine radio transmitter kept proclaiming that army garrisons in the interior had revolted. But the claim was not borne out. For the moment, Perón had won.

The estimated toll stood at 360 dead, nearly 1,000 wounded. The Plaza de Mayo district was blood-spattered and bomb-scarred, littered with the wreckage of torn buildings, shattered windows and smashed-up vehicles. After a seven-minute victory speech by Perón, eulogizing the loyal army, mobs of civilians raged through the capital. That night the sky glowed red as flames leaped up from at least seven Roman Catholic churches and the residence of Argentina's Cardinal Primate.

The Father of Chaos. It was Argentina's bloodiest and most chaotic day since the country came under the control of Juan Perón, a man who once said to a



Associated Press
ARTILLERY IN ACTION IN DOWNTOWN BUENOS AIRES
Instead of flowers for the cathedral, bombs for the Pink House.



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group of fellow army officers: "I am the son and the father of chaos." In nine years as President, he had feuded with the press, political parties, courts, farmers and businessmen before taking on the church. He had weakened his opposition by dividing it, e.g., playing off industry against agriculture, and when such mild tactics failed, he used policemen, bullyboys and wrought-up mobs to frighten and smash his opponents. His jails have been populated at various times by editors, politicians, students and priests. His only opposition in the federal Congress comes from a remnant of twelve Radical Party Deputies, who are permitted to go on voting against the Peronista majority because they serve the stage-prop purpose of suggesting that Argentina is a democracy.

Last year Perón sniffed the beginnings of a new opposition, led by Roman Catholic priests and members of Catholic lay organizations. The Catholic hierarchy in Argentina had supported Perón during his rise to power and his early years as President. What crystallized Catholic opposition to Perón was largely his campaign to Peronize the minds of Argentine schoolchildren. (Says a Peronized first-grade reader: "Perón is the leader. Everyone loves Perón. Everyone sings, 'Viva Perón! Viva the leader! Viva!'") Catholics set out to organize a Christian Democratic political party. Last October oratorical rumbles against "sectarian" opposition signaled the outbreak of a war of harassment against the church.

Since then, Perón's police have arrested scores of priests and hundreds of Catholic laymen for showing "disrespect," distributing Catholic reading matter or taking part in Catholic demonstrations. His Congress has passed measures that 1) legalize divorce, 2) forbid outdoor religious gatherings, 3) banish religious instruction from public schools, 4) wipe out the tax exemptions of religious institutions, 5) call for election of a national assembly to cut away the constitution's provisions linking the government and the Catholic Church.

On the weekend before the revolt, Perón's feud with the church reached a crescendo. Defying a government ban, 100,000 Catholics gathered in front of the cathedral on the Plaza de Mayo, then paraded through the downtown streets. The government labeled the marchers "vandals," accused them of burning an Argentine flag. At midweek, Perón ordered two high-ranking Argentine prelates—Bishop Manuel Tato and Monsignor Ramón Pablo Novoa—expelled from the country on the ground that they had incited the flag-burners. The following day came the Vatican excommunication.

Forces of Repression. After the revolt, General Franklin Lucero, Perón's Army Minister and reputedly one of his closest military friends, formally took over—"at the express orders of the President"—the task of safeguarding "internal order and public tranquility." An army communiqué stated that, as "Commander in Chief of the Forces of Repression," Lucero would be in charge of all security forces,



Francisco Vero
JOHNSON & STROESSNER

Nanny goats, bees and coffee trees.

even the federal police. With Lucero holding the big stick, Perón tried to quiet the nation's alarm by speaking softly—and with unabashed cynicism. He blamed "Communist elements" for the church burnings, said that he "deplores and vigorously condemns the excesses," added: "We do not want anything but peace."

Later, Perón—or Lucero—made a start toward conciliating the Catholics by 1) ordering the release of all jailed priests, 2) making a special exception to the ban on public gatherings so that Catholics could hold church services mourning the persons killed during the revolt. This week a flotilla of rebel naval vessels was reported still holding out off Buenos Aires, apparently trying to negotiate with Perón and the army. Elsewhere, Lucero seemed to have everything under control—perhaps even Perón.

CANAL ZONE

All Clear

For eleven months, 156 men working with massive earth-moving machines have been removing the stone face of Contractor's Hill, where the Panama Canal cuts through the Continental Divide (TIME, May 10, 1954). It has been ticklish work; the very reason for blasting away the hillside was that it threatened to slide into and block the canal—carrying with it the nifty men who were destroying it. Last week the danger ended. With 3,000,000 cubic yards of rock removed, engineers believed that the remaining potential slide-rock was too light to break loose. They will go on to remove the last 500,000 cubic yards, however. Then Contractor's Hill, once a sheer wall when seen from the canal, will be a terraced slope.

Dallas' Tecon Corp., the lively younger of the construction business that underbid older firms to get the Contractor's Hill job, expects to finish by Aug. 15, and to make a profit of between 30% and 40% on the \$4,100,000 it will receive.

PARAGUAY

Frontier, 1955

On the fringe of nowhere in the heart of South America, the Paraguayan town of Pedro Juan Caballero and the Brazilian town of Ponta Porã doze in the green, rolling forests of the Amambay plateau. A broad, straight strip of grass between the red-roofed towns marks the international border. But they really form a single frontier community of bearded, mud-stained Gauchos, Syrian merchants, Redeemtorist priests, barefoot women, and soldiers in faded green uniforms.

One morning last fortnight, all these people marched out past their tumble-down cemetery to the green grass Pedro Juan Caballero airstrip. Soon, two silvery Douglas transports circled and landed, bringing Paraguayan President Alfredo Stroessner, U.S. Ambassador to Paraguay Arthur Ageton and other local and foreign dignitaries. Forward to greet them stepped Clarence Earl Johnson, a 6-ft., 200-lb. Texan in a white Stetson, faded blue jeans with pearl buttons, and cowhide boots.

How to Get Rich. Clarence Johnson, a man born for taming frontiers, is clearing a virgin jungle at the edge of the Chaco and financing the job by means of an unusual idea. As president of the American Economic Development Corp. (the Spanish or Portuguese initials for which work out tidily as CAFE), he is selling packaged coffee plantations.

It works thus: CAFE, a stock company incorporated in Brazil, owns good red-earth Paraguayan land half the size of Delaware, near Pedro Juan Caballero. For \$15,000 the company will sell from its holdings a complete 123½-acre farm, including a nanny goat, a sow, a bee colony, gardens and 21,500 young coffee trees. CAFE will manage the farm, for 30% of the profits, or the owner may move in and run it himself. After the trees mature (in four years), Johnson says, each farm should gross at least \$40,000 a year, with a fat one-half of the take as profit. The notion of owning a profitable Paraguayan plantation has proved irresistibly appealing to Wall Street bankers. Brazilian businessmen, even staid European capitalists. A typical sale, as related by Johnson:

"One time in Chicago I went into a store run by Harold Rubin at 520 South State Street to buy a \$1 necktie, an' he says where you from? An' I says I'm from Texas. An' he says what you doin' here? I says selling coffee farms. An' he says my instinct tells me this is a good deal, I'll buy one." To date, Johnson has sold 63 farms, worth nearly \$1,000,000.

Just as Crazy as Hell. Johnson's Texas bragging hides a long, sound business background. After a hard-knocks youth, he went to work in 1923 for Anderson, Clayton & Co., big U.S. cotton merchants, as a cotton weigher at \$10 a month. He moved up fast. "In 1938," he recalled, "I was sent to Brazil to manage the company's cotton compress at São Paulo. On the way down by boat, I happened some way to sit at the captain's

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PANAGRA
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS

table. He was an Englishman, an' he took to ridin' me pretty hard until one night I says to him, Captain, if you mean that I don't drink tea and don't dress up fancy for supper, you're right. But if you mean that I'm ignorant, you're just as crazy as hell." Four years after he reached São Paulo, Anderson, Clayton's plant became the biggest cotton compress in the world. By way of a hobby, he bought a little farm near São Paulo and started planting it, growing olives, plums, lemons, bananas, kumquats, corn and orchids. Impressed by the possibilities of tropical agriculture, he was unable to resist taking on CAFE's lands when the chance came along in 1953. He resigned from Anderson, Clayton to work full-time on the new project.

At CAFE, since then, Johnson has built up a force of 1,100, constructed housing, set up a sawmill, bakery, tile and brick factory, gristmill and nursery, planted 1,260,000 coffee trees. Paraguay, which cooperated with CAFE by easing laws on currency exchange, now promises to become for the first time a coffee producer, and a competitive one. Said President Stroessner, after his tour of the new plantations: "What Paraguay needs is 100 men like Señor Johnson."

BRAZIL

The People's Choice

Brazil got its last important candidate for the October presidential elections. His name surprised no one. The new candidate was Adhemar de Barros.

"Our Adhemar," as his admirers in the industrially powerful state of São Paulo call him, has long wanted to "take over the management of Brazil, Inc." In 1950, however, he deferred to the late Getulio Vargas, instead took aim on 1955. Last year his ambitions suffered a crippling blow: running for governor in São Paulo, as a fitting steppingstone to the presidency, Adhemar lost. After that, whenever a reporter whipped out a notebook, Adhemar insisted that he would run only if drafted and thus forced to "bow to the will of the people."

The will of the people finally became manifest a fortnight ago at a convention of Adhemar's personally operated Social Progressive Party. Into the assembly hall of Rio's Chamber of Deputies whose rosewood paneling and carved furnishings were hidden by banners, flowers and clouds of confetti, thronged delegates and onlookers. Perfumed women in mink stoles mixed with cab drivers and shoeshine boys. Some spectators shinnied up columns for a better view. After hours of "man-who" speeches, Adhemar entered, slapping backs, embracing, shaking hands. When at last his figure towered over them from the platform, the crowd whooped and cheered. Said Adhemar: "I bow."

Adhemar's entry in effect turns the Brazilian election into a three-way race. The other top contenders are Governor Juscelino Kubitschek of Minas Gerais state, heir to the leftist *populista* forces of the late President Getulio Vargas,



CANDIDATE BARROS
"I bow."

Paulo Muniz

and General Juarez Távora, hero of the conservative military leaders whose determination to clean up the mess in Rio led to Vargas' resignation and suicide last year. But rumors were louder than ever in Rio last week that the officers would postpone the election unless their man seems likely to win.

COLOMBIA

The Army Digs In

The rise to power of General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla differs from that of the stereotyped Latin American strongman: he toppled not a fairly elected government but a dictatorial regime that most Colombians were sick of. The country cheered, believing that the army, which had traditionally let civilians run the country, would shepherd Colombia back to elections and normality. But the soldiers have inevitably come to like the feel of power. Last week, on the second anniversary of President Rojas Pinilla's revolution, there were plentiful signs that the army is digging in for a long stay.

Beclouding his promise of an election in 1958, Rojas Pinilla told the newspaper *Diario de Colombia* that his government would continue until Colombians—who ran a pretty good working democracy from 1910 to 1946—became "politically civilized." Then he announced that the Constituent Assembly, Colombia's make-do Congress, would not sit this year. "A Parliament," he explained, "is the greatest achievement of democracy, but when it becomes a tribune for libel, it must be closed." The last and plainest word came from the government's radio bulletin, which all Colombian stations are forced to carry. After an exhaustive defense of military government, the program concluded that there are "three incontrovertible arguments" for the army state: "Patriotism, intelligence, and machine guns."

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Burly Cinematographer **Mario** [*The Great Caruso*] Lanza, a devil-may-care sort of swashbuckler with four playful children, found himself in a peck of trouble in California courts. Net of two separate damage suits against him: home-wrecking—in the literal, unromantic sense. His hectic week began when a judge awarded a whopping \$40,361.66 to a Beverly Hills couple named Kaiser to undo the swath cut through their \$200,000 house in a mere 28 months by former Tenant Lanza and brood. (Lanza's lawyer promptly cried foul, claimed that the default decision was illegal because his client was never served with papers in the case.) Among the highlights listed in the Kaisers' complaint: 1) all the draperies had to be replaced because Lanza's dogs preferred them to trees or fire hydrants, 2) the roof leaked badly after TV Fan Lanza's five antennas were ripped out, 3) a hand-carved piano leg was tooth-carved, 4) all doors had to be rehung. Wailed Mrs. Kaiser: "[Amidst] the debris, dirt, filth and desecration . . . only the ceilings were intact." Couple of days later, a long-postponed suit, brought against ex-Tenant Lanza by another Hollywood landlord asking \$17,000 for Lanzas wrought on another \$200,000 mansion, came up for trial, was again put off (so that lawyers could dicker over a cash settlement).

Movie fans with fading memories of a freckle-faced little girl got a jolt when onetime Cinemoppet **Margaret** [*Journey for Margaret*] O'Brien, 18, winner of a



GRADUATE O'BRIEN
Fading memories.

Associated Press

special 1944 Academy Award (as the year's best all-round child actress), marched up and got a diploma from Los Angeles' University High School.

A resolute entrant in his state's championship tennis tournament, New Jersey's outdoorsy Democratic Governor **Robert B. Meyner**, unseeded, wielded his racket as if he meant it, wound up with politics still a more rewarding dish for him. Weekend Tennis Meyner, 46, was eliminated, in his first round, in straight sets, 4-6, 3-6.

Touring her realm's hinterland, Greece's vivacious **Queen Frederika**, in a sporty getup, was in gay spirits at a festival in



United Press

QUEEN FREDERIKA (LEFT) & SUBJECTS
Gay spirits.

her hopor in an Epirus village, won smiles and applause from the townsfolk as she stepped adroitly through the paces of a folk dance, relaxed folksily afterwards.

Purpling at rumors that he plans to sell his St. Louis Cardinals baseball club, Beer (Budweiser) Baron **August** ("Gussie") Busch foamed: "This is the louiest, dirtiest, meanest thing that has ever happened to me . . . Damn it, that's the biggest kick I get out of life any more—even when we have a season like this one." With the team in seventh place in the National League, Owner Busch was still aghast to consider his own fate if he were to sell it down the river: "My life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel in St. Louis. My God, I'd consider selling the brewery before I'd sell the Cards!"

One of the nation's most sought-after commencement speakers, phrasemaking Democrat **Adlai Stevenson**, hid himself



United Press

ORATOR STEVENSON
Good wishes.

to Ohio's Oberlin College and, after making a rare sour face while groping to adjust his mortarboard, spoke to 283 graduates about next month's Big Four parley. Along the way he wished President Eisenhower well in his efforts at the summit: "If I think war is inevitable, if we regard every Soviet proposal as a trick and a trap . . . then we the people will have ruled out bargaining. Not even the President can negotiate if we tie his hands . . . And we shall have to learn that diplomacy by hindsight is not good . . . learn not to denounce our representatives as traitors or suspicious characters if anything goes wrong in the future. Trading used to be considered a Yankee talent and I think it still is—even by Republicans—if we don't put our traders in a straitjacket or scare them stiff in advance."

In a special tribute to two of Britain's most popular radio stars, the British Broadcasting Corp. accorded an unprecedented nostalgic hour to two oldtime Hollywood veterans, **Ben Lyon**, 55, and bubbly **Bebe Daniels**, 54, real-life mainstays of BBC's *Life With the Lyons*, and U.S. expatriates in England for the past 19 years. The occasion: the Lyons' 25th wedding anniversary. At their glittering Hollywood wedding in 1930, Gossipist **Louella Parsons** was matron of honor, a gangling young oil heir named **Howard Hughes** was an usher, semi-retired Cine-matress **Mary Pickford** lent her own lace handkerchief to Bride Bebe as "something borrowed, something blue." BBC's sentimental Lyonization of the couple was sprinkled with recorded congratulations from Cinemasestro **Cecil B. DeMille**, fellow Expatriate **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.**, was climaxed by the singing debut of the Lyons' daughter **Barbara**, 23, warbling Bebe's old hit, *Rio Rita*. There was scarcely a dry eye in the broadcasting studio nor among BBC's doting listeners.

John Stuart MILL

on the training of men

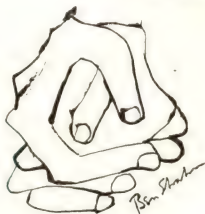


Men are men
before they are lawyers
or physicians
or manufacturers;
and if you make them
capable and sensible men
they will make themselves
capable and sensible
lawyers and physicians.

(Inaugural Address at St. Andrews, 1867)

Great Ideas of Western Man . . . ONE OF A SERIES

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MUSIC

Outdoor Season

Across the U.S. last week, music lovers were pulling themselves away from their after-supper TV and their hi-fi sets. Into private cars and public buses they loaded blankets, cushions and bottles of anti-bug lotions, and rode off to the local stadiums and amphitheaters. At about twilight, they plumped by the thousands on damp grass, slatted benches or cold concrete, and spent the evening straining to catch the sounds of distant fiddling, blowing or singing. In short, the U.S. outdoor music season was under way.

As usual, some of the early-starters caught the worst of early June's uneven weather. Horrible example: in Washington's Carter Barron Amphitheater the

Around the countryside, other communities are finding special ways to make their own summer music attractive. Samples:

❑ **Albuquerque** wound up its 14th annual chamber-music festival last week in the 500-seat Little Theater. The concerts are donated by Banker-Rancher Albert Gallatin Simms, onetime Congressman, in memory of his wife, onetime Congresswoman Ruth Hanna McCormick. Each performance ends with Schumann's *Piano Quintet, Op. 44* (it is Sponsor Simms's favorite). This year's guest star: top Violist William Primrose.

❑ **Colorado's** historic Central City Opera House will be the scene of Gilbert & Sullivan operas, performed by London's famed D'Oyly Carte Opera Co., July

garden (capacity: 2,000) on a fine old estate, all the beauties of good music, and such trimmings as fresh lobster and old champagne on sale for picnickers.

❑ **Lee, Mass.** is the site of famed Modern Dancer Ted Shawn's Jacob's Pillow Festival (July 1-Sept. 3), the nation's biggest dance event. This summer's major feature: performances by ten members of the 200-year-old Royal Danish Ballet, in a program designed to show off its proud history.

❑ **San Diego** is laying on some big names (Pianist Rudolf Serkin, Clarinetist Benny Goodman) and big music (Berlioz's *Requiem*). The San Diego Summer Symphony is conducted by Robert Shaw (July 12-Aug. 23).

❑ **Newport, R.I.**, still smarting from the presence of thousands of strangers at last summer's jazz festival, this year relegates the three-day jamboree (July 15-17) to the municipal stadium, Freebody Park. Lectures on jazz, however, will be permitted in the old O.H.P. Belmont mansion on Bellevue Avenue. Among the star performers: Louis Armstrong, Woody Herman, Erroll Garner, Dave Brubeck.

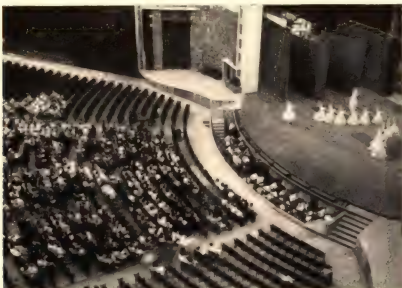
Cultural Conflict

One day last winter, Violinist Isaac Stern got a call from his manager. How would he like to make a quick trip to Reykjavik to play for Icelanders? Stern had just returned from a long tour, and did not like the idea at all, but he listened to the reasons. Then he picked up his Guarnerius and boarded a military plane for a flight to the big island just below the Arctic Circle.

The reasons that made Virtuoso Stern change his mind included the following: 1) Iceland is a remarkable, if removed, place, with 100% literacy and a long-standing affection for the finer things in life; 2) it is a NATO partner, and has an air base manned by U.S. servicemen whose forays into society can give a one-sided picture of U.S. culture; 3) Russians had stepped up their campaign of cultural sweetmeats, and Iceland's Communist Party made the most of it.

In Reykjavik Isaac Stern wowed his audience—he had to repeat his recital in the 800-seat theater—but his success was a mere icicle on an iceberg, compared with the Russian effort. Every year the Soviet Union dispatches culture delegations containing four to ten fine artists, e.g., soloists from the Leningrad ballet, violinists, singers, pianists, even chess players, and once sent Composer Aram (*Sabre Dance*) Khachaturian to conduct Iceland's national symphony. What makes Russian visits even more effective is the Russian practice of traveling to outlying communities to make music with local musicians.

Before 1954, there were very few U.S. musical visitors. But since ANTA (American National Theater and Academy) started an international exchange program (TIME, June 6), several top U.S. artists, e.g., the Metropolitan Opera's Mezzo-Soprano Blanche Thebom and the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, have



Vincent A. Finnigan

CANADIAN BALLET IN WASHINGTON
In Ipswich, fresh lobster and old champagne.

youthful National Ballet Company of Canada, a fountain display called "Dancing Waters" and some unchoreographed water from the clouds joined forces. But the capital's outdoor musical types imperturbably risked the damp and cold, turned out an average 3,000 strong every night for the first week. The Carter Barron budget allows for one rained-out night for each of its 13 weeks.

Not every U.S. city can boast dancing girls or waters, but dozens have graduated from the Sunday band-concert stage to more ambitious music-making. Cities with major symphony orchestras try to find pleasant outside work for the musicians during the summer months. Philadelphia seats them in Robin Hood Dell (June 21-July 28), Manhattan in Lewisohn Stadium (June 20-July 30), Boston on the Esplanade overlooking the Charles River (July 5-Aug. 20), Chicago in suburban Ravinia Park, Los Angeles in spectacular Hollywood Bowl.

2-30. Four bills—*The Mikado*, *Yeoman of the Guard*, *Trial by Jury* and *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and *Iolanthe*—will run for a week each.

❑ **Cincinnati's** "Opera at the Zoo" begins its 34th season this week with Puccini's *Tosca*, continues to give standard grand operas for the next five weeks. Most of the stars are from the Met and the New York City Opera.

❑ **Fish Creek, Wis.** is the home of the three-year-old Peninsula Festival, buried among the lakeside evergreens in Door County, 65 miles northeast of Green Bay. Conductor Thor Johnson (of the Cincinnati Symphony) gathers an orchestra of 40 stand-out musicians for two weeks (beginning Aug. 6). All nine concerts include unfamiliar or contemporary works, and usually play to full houses.

❑ **Ipswich, Mass.** has its Castle Hill concerts for seven weekends beginning July 8, in surroundings that make it probably the most chichi U.S. series of all: a huge



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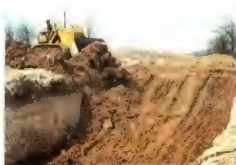
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made the trip. Last week Organist E. Power Biggs was exceptionally well received, and a septet of first chair men from the Boston Symphony arrived for joint concerts and some on its own. Next month another group of Russian artists will arrive, but next fall Icelanders expect to hear U.S. Violinist Ruggiero Ricci. Pianist Julius Katchen. Soprano Jennie Tourel.

For Iceland, the cultural cold war is warming up most pleasantly.

New Pop Records

At home, near London, Ont. last New Year's Eve, 14-year-old Priscilla Wright sang into her father's tape recorder. Father Don Wright had been too busy leading his own radio chorus to listen to her before, but when he heard the playback, he recognized the sound of a good pop voice. A record company agreed, and so he looked around for the right song for Priscilla to record professionally. Six weeks and 120 songs later,



SONGSTRESS WRIGHT
Pop knew a good pop voice.

the pretty little girl with bands on her teeth recorded a tune called *The Man in a Raincoat* for Sparton of Canada, Ltd.

It was a moody, melody tune that began with the sound of footsteps in the rain and ended on the indeterminate, to-be-continued note. Its words revealed a valid adolescent's dream: a chance encounter, a blooming love affair, a tragic ending when the man borrowed her money to buy her a ring and then "skipped out of town," never to be seen again.

Songstress Wright had done some singing in her high-school choir, but nothing like this. She threw herself into *Raincoat* like a pro, clipped out one or two phrases with the sting of an Eartha Kitt. Brooded most of the time in very womanly tones indeed. The song caught on quickly in Canada and crossed the border (on the Unique label). Last week it was making

news as a potential bestseller in the U.S.

Other new pop records:

The Best of Fred Astaire (Epic LP). Dancer Astaire has no voice to sing of, but he sings with nearly as much style as he dances. Included here are re-releases of some fine Gershwin tunes, e.g., *A Foggy Day*, *Nice Work if You Can Get It*, and some rosy-cheeked orchestral shenanigans by the Ray Noble and Johnny Green bands of the late '30s.

Damn Yankees (original Broadway cast; Victor LP). Gwen Verdon, whose dancing warms up this show onstage, duplicates the favor vocally for the record. It needs her. Except for the rowdy tune called *Whatever Lola Wants* (TIME, May 16), nothing quite matches the lines, written by the same team (Richard Adler-Jerry Ross), for last year's *Pajama Game*.

Ruth Etting (Columbia LP). One of the alltime torch-singing queens in reissues inspired by the current film about her life, *Love Me or Leave Me* (TIME, June 6). Ruth Etting is past mistress of the musical affectations of the jazz age—the faint hiccup, the tear in the larynx, the lilting dash into a phrase and the heartbroken sigh as it ends. Today, some of it sounds laughable, but Songstress Etting's languorous sweetness and warmth make most of it sound just fine. Songs range from the razzmatazz rhythms of *Shaking the Blues Away* and *At Sundown* to the seductive *Mean to Me* and *I'll Never Be the Same*. Columbia has also released songs from the sound track of the Etting film, with Doris Day warbling the lead role. It is replete—in fact it is gorged—with soaring strings, a chorus of vocalizing angels, and a rhythm section that explodes like the 1812 Overture. Doris Day is a competent singer, but beside Ruth Etting she is frozen custard.

The House of Blue Lights (Chuck Miller; Mercury). A boogie-woogie in up-tempo, with some nonsense words about boogie-woogie. The disk is a bestseller. Does it herald the decline of rock 'n' roll?

Magnificent Matador (Billy Butterfield; Essex). About as noisy a record as possible, containing an overstimulated chorus chanting, "Matador! Matador!", a brassy orchestration of the type usually reserved for grand finales, and Ace Trumpeter Butterfield giving his all. From the film of the same name.

Ooh That Kiss (Peggy Lee; Decca). The incomparable Peggy, in another of her very special arrangements, *Kiss*, an oldtime cutie-cute number, sets a Latin cha cha cha treatment and blossoms into sheer fantasy. "What is love but a helpin' of an angel cake," croons Peggy, and an insolent flute and a clanking rhythm section confirm the sentiment.

You Are So Rare (The Three Haircuts; Victor). Funnyman Sid Caesar's answer to the inanities of rock 'n' roll records, disk-jockey lingo, and the hyped-up state of pop music in general. With a screaming, honking, socking background, the Haircuts mimic the Crew-Cuts with their howl: "Yew are sooo rare to me! So very rare to me! So if I'm rare to yew, won't yew be rare?"

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MEDICINE

The Fly That Blinds

In the fertile valley of French Equatorial Africa's Mayo-Kebbi River the cotton fields lay untended, and the sun beat down upon hundreds of deserted huts. Where some 40,000 Africans had once lived and worked, only a handful were to be seen, and they were mostly blind. Nearly everyone had fled the valley before the terror of the "Nbwa," the fly that blinds.

The Nbwa fly (*Simulium damnosum*) has long been the scourge of French Equatorial Africa, where it breeds along the rivers. When it bites, the fly injects a micro-organism that causes onchocerciasis, a disease characterized by nodules under the skin and lesions of the eye that often cause blindness. French officials estimate that 200,000 natives in the territory

the foliage and kill the adult flies. The trick was to hedgehop the dense areas so closely that the insecticide would be blasted to the ground by the down-wash from the rotors, would then boil up to saturate the underside of the foliage.

Bare Leg. To keep check on the density of the flies during the 40-day spraying period, the expedition resorted to a makeshift method: a member of the rescue team exposed an arm or leg for a specified time, then counted the fly bites on it. Swift treatment prevented infection. At first, as many as 400 bites a day were being counted; at the end of 40 days, a man could bare his arm or leg without getting a single bite. Even mosquitoes and other pests had been wiped out by the helicopters' relentless spraying.

Last week the Mayo-Kebbi valley was



HELICOPTER V. THE NBWA FLY
 The doctors dropped in for a bite.

are affected by the disease, and that 5,000 of them are totally blind.

Air Attack. Because some 60% of the population of the Mayo-Kebbi valley had been stricken with onchocerciasis, the French colonial government decided some four months ago to choose this well-limited area (250,000 acres) to fight the disease to a standstill. Into the valley rushed a team of eight French scientists (led by Tropical Diseases Expert Dr. Raymond Campana), 20 native nurses and two helicopter crews.

The Africans were so terrified by fear of the epidemic that they swallowed their traditional fear of white doctors. The team examined 34,000 in 40 days, found that 24,000 had onchocerciasis in some stage. Working in makeshift tents or native huts from dawn to dusk—and often later by the headlights of the expedition's only truck—the doctors performed 3,700 operations in an effort to prevent blindness, gave injections and pills to the other thousands who showed symptoms of the disease.

Meanwhile, the helicopter crews fought the fly itself, flew more than 300 missions in their U.S.-made Bell 47Gs. Repeatedly, they sprayed breeding sites with two powerful insecticides: lindamul, to coat the river and kill the larvae; lindane, to coat

free of the Nbwa fly for the first time in memory, and natives were returning to their homes. It would be several months—at least until the disease incubation period had passed—before authorities could say for sure that the scourge had been banished from the valley. The immediate results of the mission were so encouraging, however, that the French colonial government was planning a big campaign next year against the Nbwa fly in other densely infected areas of the territory.

Psychiatry at Work

When 15-year-old Jim was arrested on a Seattle street two years ago for indecent exposure, police discovered that he was wearing a stolen brassiere, slip and woman's panties under his own clothes. Since he had been arrested for a similar offense nine months before, Jim was examined by psychiatrists. Their conclusion: the tall, husky boy, although physically normal, was a transvestite* who was losing not only his sexual identity but his self-control, and should be put away as "potentially dangerous."

Jim faced a black future. As with other

* Medical definition: one who has "a morbid desire to dress in the clothing of the opposite sex."



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sex deviates, confinement might intensify his condition, prepare him for further offenses and a lifetime of abnormality after release. Because he had already begun to act out his neuroses, many private psychoanalysts would be reluctant to treat him. A conscientious case worker in juvenile court sized up Jim's situation, put through a hasty telephone call to Seattle's Ryther Child Center, a small (165 patients) social agency dealing exclusively with emotionally disturbed youngsters.

Resistance. Ryther was the natural place to turn for help. Founded in 1935 and developed into a treatment center by Lillian Johnson, a career social worker who is now executive director, it has scorned stuffy precedents, snatched many a "hopeless" case from the door of a state school or mental institution by entering difficult areas of child therapy. Its formula: a combination of dedicated social



Bob Lockenbain
Ryther Center's JOHNSON
N-e-u-r-o-s-e-s spelled mother.

workers, psychoanalysts and house staffers giving treatment in an informal but disciplined family atmosphere (there are no bars or locks at Ryther). The center has become the model for 20 other residential-type child treatment centers in the U.S., attracts social workers from all over the world for training.

Ryther accepted Jim. (Jim accepted Ryther only after he and his parents reluctantly decided that the center was better than a state institution.) The boy began a series of weekly consultations with William Gleason, a social worker and former (1938) halfback for the University of Washington, who regularly consulted with Dr. Edith Buxbaum, a psychoanalyst attached to the center. At first the interviews were unproductive; Jim missed many, or showed up hostile and taciturn for others. But the counselors steadily broke down his resistance over a six-month period by treating him as an adult and convincing him that they would



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not violate his confidences. Then the disturbing tale of Jim's life began to come to light.

Wrestling. Jim's mother was a heavy-set, masculine woman who ran the household, even to repairing the plumbing; his father was a light-boned, slightly effeminate weakling who talked in a high-pitched voice. Jim's older brother was a perfectly normal, completely masculine boy whom Jim worshiped. When Jim was born, his mother wanted a girl, kept him in dresses and let his hair grow until he was four, later taught him to do girls' household chores. As Jim grew up, he learned to please his mother by playing her game, wore her clothes around the house and put up his blond hair in curlers.

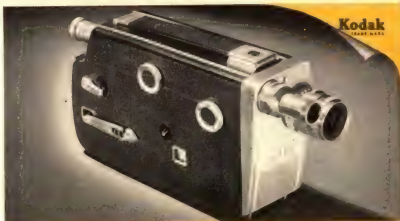
In school, he spent most of his time thinking about sex and losing himself in wild fantasies in which he sometimes played several sexual roles. As he grew into adolescence, he began to despise his father, a reaction his mother unwittingly encouraged by making his father look ridiculous. She, meanwhile, intensified her masculine role. Every morning, she wrestled with Jim to get him out of bed; since she won every wrestling match, Jim keenly felt that his was the passive role.

Controls. Ryther's psychiatrists were convinced that Jim was not essentially effeminate; they believed that his exhibitionism was, in fact, a rebellion against the part that his mother had encouraged him to play. While therapy and interviews were uncovering sensitive material, he underwent no overnight transformation. But firm controls at the center helped him improve his own self-control, and the counselors' patently impartial concern for his welfare brought him slowly to understand his problem and its causes. He began to exert himself, gruffly ordering younger children to obey the center staff.

After eight months, Jim was permitted to go home for several holidays. Carefully coached by his counselors at Ryther, he rebuffed his mother when she tried to resume their wrestling. When she began to reject him in his new role, he faced a real, personal crisis: whether to please her and thus win back her love, or exert his latent masculinity.

Recovery. The center had done its work well. Jim soon resolved his role dramatically in three ways: he became violently enamored of a young house mother (who carefully kept him at arm's length), he got a crew cut, and he acquired a girl friend and took her home to show Mama. When, after two years of interviews and treatment, he was discharged he landed a good job (making more money than his Ryther therapist), continued going with his girl. He is reported to be in excellent mental health, has applied for a branch of the armed forces.

Ryther's staff see no reason why he should not be accepted. They worry sometimes that Jim's parents are not changed. ("At their age and in their state," says Miss Johnson, "they'd need four years of analysis.") But the counselors reason that if Jim can conquer his old environment, he will never meet a tougher test in life.



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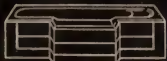
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THE THEATER

Bigger Than Life

London's drama critics, not noted for the fire of their enthusiasms, have found better reason in the last several weeks to use glowing adjectives than they often do in the course of a whole theatrical season. Objects of their eloquence: Sir Laurence Olivier's *Macbeth* at Stratford-on-Avon (scheduled to remain in the Stratford Festival repertory until season's end on Nov. 26) and Orson Welles's blank-verse adaptation of *Moby Dick* at London's Duke of York's Theater.

Olivier's return to the role of Macbeth, nearly 20 years after he first played it with the Old Vic, was hailed by the London *Times's* Harold Hobson as "the best Macbeth since Macbeth's." Said Critic Hobson: "It must be admitted that the opening scenes of Sir Laurence's *Macbeth* are bad; bad with the confident badness of a master who knows that he has miracles to come . . . As distress and agony enter into him, the actor multiplies in stature before our eyes until he dominates the play, and Stratford, and, I would say, the whole English theater . . . I do not believe there is an actor in the world who can come near him."

Said London *Observer* Critic Kenneth Tynan: "Sir Laurence shook hands with greatness, and within a week or so the performance will have ripened into a masterpiece."

All the critics agreed that Olivier had infused one of Shakespeare's most unplayable creations with disturbing life, and set a standard for the part that has rarely been exceeded.

Vivien Leigh's Lady Macbeth was not so kindly received. The *Observer* found her performance "more niminy-piminy than thundery-blundery, more viper than anaconda." But the *Times* found that her "pale and exquisitely lovely Lady Macbeth does at least explain why Macbeth married her, a mystery that too many Lady Macbeths leave unelucidated."

Both critics and public were considerably more baffled by Welles's tempestuous and unorthodox production of *Moby Dick*. Set on the bare stage of "a provincial American theater toward the end of the last century," the play opens as a rehearsal of *King Lear*, then transforms itself into a rehearsal of *Moby Dick*. Wearing a false nose, and playing variously a theater manager, a New England preacher and Captain Ahab, spotlighted Actor Welles storms up and down the shadowy stage spewing and roaring blank verse, fights Ahab's final battle with the whale while standing on a table that protrudes into the center aisle, driving his imaginary harpoon into the audience.

Many of the critics were awed. "It is outrageous and impossible, but it comes off," said *News Chronicle* Critic Elizabeth Frank. "As Captain Ahab, Welles has devoured the essence of the living theater, the lustiness of the Elizabethans and the



OLIVIER AS MACBETH

After confident badness, miracles, fearless, innocent eye of the barnstorming Victorians."

The *Daily Mail* critic thought that Welles the adapter-director got in the way of Welles the actor, allowing "too many words to impede his action . . . But when the play does move . . . the whole theater shudders with the fury of man and mammoth alike."

The *Times* was more cautious: "The theater for Mr. Orson Welles is an adventure, and to an adventurer so valiant our hearts go out, even when he comes to wreck . . . Everything is against him . . . Yet, for something like half the performance, he succeeds against all reasonable expectation . . . The evening, though most exhausting, has been worth having."



WELLES AS CAPTAIN AHAH

Against expectation, success.



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A GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRESS

America moves

Private industry, working with our government, is making bold plans for atomic electric power; by 1980, 65% of all generating plants being added that year may be atom-powered

Ten years ago, the most important single fact about the atom was its potential power as a weapon of war. Today, most important is the atom's tremendous promise as a source of peacetime power.

How well is America doing in developing this peacetime power? How soon will atom-made electricity be widespread?

Where do we stand today?

Our government is taking major strides to release atomic information to U. S. companies, and to invite them to share in atomic development. The outlook is promising.

For example, General Electric has been chosen by the Nuclear Power Group, Inc., to build the largest all-nuclear atomic electric plant yet announced. The plant, which will serve the Chicago area, will be owned and operated by Commonwealth Edison Company,* and is expected to be in operation within five years.

The Yankee Atomic Electric Company, representing a dozen New England power companies, has plans to build an atomic electric plant in western Massachusetts.

33 other companies—25 of them electric utilities—have joined together as the Atomic Power Development Associates, Inc., to concentrate on research for the economic utilization of atomic energy for electric power. Part of this group plans to have a breeder-reactor-type atomic electric plant operating in the Detroit area by 1959.

Many homes in the New York City area, if present plans work out, may have atom-made electricity within five years.

These are only a few of the peacetime atomic energy programs now under way in the United States. By 1970, our forecasts indicate, 14% of all new generating plants built in the U.S. will be atom-powered. And by 1980, the atom's share of plants built that year may be 65%.

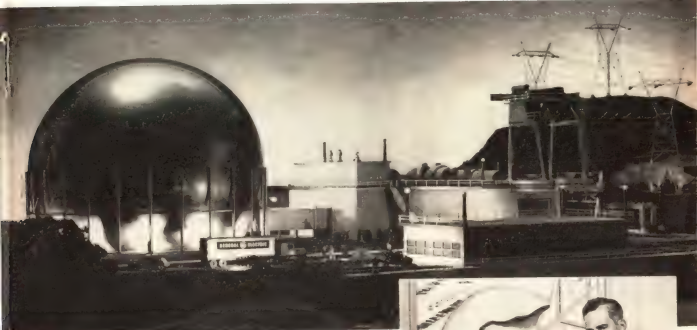
The free world's security depends on progress

These plans and forecasts are encouraging, for the fate of the entire free world may well depend on how swiftly America develops wide peacetime use of atomic energy.

*Co-sponsors of the project include: American Gas and Electric Service Corporation; Bechtel Corporation; Central Illinois Light Company; Illinois Power Company; Kansas City Power and Light Company; Pacific Gas & Electric; and Union Electric Company of Missouri.



to produce electric power from the atom



Atomic electric plant of the future? This model shows what a power plant built to produce atom-made electricity might look like. At right, Francis K. McCune, General Electric Vice President and General Manager of our Atomic Products Division, points out a symbolic view of an atomic reactor housed in the protective steel sphere. If you would like a copy of a 16-page illustrated booklet, "Putting the Atom to Work," plus a full-color diagram showing how electricity can be made from the atom, write General Electric, Department B2-119, Schenectady, New York.

England and other European countries are hungry for the abundant electric power that the atom promises. They see it as a chance to regain the stature they had before their resources were wasted by war. "Have-not" Asia and Africa, and large, undeveloped areas of Latin America need it for their industry and their people. And so nuclear energy, for Russia, has become a long-range instrument for economic and political dominance. Communism *plus* atomic power might convert the world where Communism *alone* has failed.

For America, the problem is clear-cut; we must make swift, broad progress in developing peacetime atomic energy for the world. We must be ready with the promise of atomic fuels and technical knowledge sooner than anyone estimated. How can this be done?

Competition will spur achievement

In our opinion, America's atomic progress will continue—and become even faster and bolder—as more and more competing private manufacturing companies apply their skills, efforts and capital to the problem.

General Electric has been engaged in basic nuclear research since the 1930's. Today more than 12,000 of our employees are assigned to atomic projects. For the government, we are producing plutonium at the Hanford Atomic Works... building a submarine atomic power plant in West Milton, New York... developing a nuclear propulsion system for aircraft at Evendale, Ohio... studying possible portable nuclear plants for the Army. Canadian General Electric will build Canada's first atomic electric reactor near Chalk River, Ontario.

We have established a department to design, develop, manufacture and market atomic power equipment for peacetime use. Just recently this department announced the design of a new dual-cycle boiling reactor, which provides for greater efficiency and overcomes many of



the problems inherent in earlier power-reactor designs. In the next few years, we expect, our work in peacetime atomic energy will double and redouble. And the field is so big and so vital that there is almost unlimited opportunity for many more companies.

American free enterprise has made it possible for the U. S., with only 6% of the world's population, to produce almost 50% of the world's energy and industrial output. Working with the government, private companies have already begun to turn a major source of fear into a major source of fuel, and they are ready to risk their money and their time to do more. As we see it, this is progress in the American way.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

SPORT

The Amazing Open

Ben Hogan was busted. The battered old (42) veteran of the golf-course was limned into the locker room, slumped on a bench and grabbed for a whisky and water. "If I win this one," he said, "I'll never work at it again. It's just too hard on me to get ready any more." He seemed to have earned his rest. After four rounds on San Francisco's tough, tree-lined Olympic Club links, the "Mechanical Man" from Texas had posted a score of 287—seven over par. The fifth U.S. Open title that he wanted so much was all but in the record books. But Ben Hogan was too cautious to accept congratulations; out there on that tight, demanding course, a couple of contenders were still playing, and he well knew anything could happen.

Fluid Swing. It had been happening all week. First-round scores were amazingly high; half the field failed to break 80. As the tournament shook down, the big names vanished. Defending Champion Ed Furgol never figured; Samuel Jackson Snead, with two good rounds under his belt, exploded all over the course. ("Well, I've had my opportunity, boy," he muttered to his caddy.) Now, going to the 14th green on the fourth round was the one man who still had a chance of catching Hogan—Jack Fleck, 32, a loose-jointed sharpshooter out of Davenport, Iowa, who never took a lesson in his life.

A stringy (6 ft. 1½ in., 164 lbs.) ex-caddy who just kept playing until he was good enough to become a pro at two municipal courses in his home town, Fleck had a fluid swing that walloped the ball with remarkable accuracy. When a marshal told him that Hogan was home in 287, he said, "Now I know I have a chance." He made the most of it. On the 461-yd., uphill 17th, Fleck's second shot was a bold and beautiful wood that landed 40 ft. from the pin. He just missed his putt and settled for a par. He was on the



HOGAN & FLECK
Home with a hot putter.



CORNELL'S COACH SANFORD GETS VICTORY DUNKING
With help from some Husky crabs.

International

18th in two, after driving into the rough. A 6-ft. putt earned him the 287 to tie.

Impossible Rough. Next day, in the playoff, Ben Hogan stayed up with his young competitor until he dropped a stroke on the fifth hole. After that Hogan never caught up. On the 139-yd. eighth he sank a 50-ft. putt for a two; Fleck and his hot putter matched the birdie. On the eleventh Hogan picked up a stroke with a par four; Fleck promptly took it back on the twelfth. Going to the 18th, the bone-weary veteran was one stroke down. There was still a chance, but he hooked his drive off the high tee into thick, impossible rough to the left of the fairway. He needed three frustrating wedge shots to dribble clear, another to reach the green. A nifty, 30-ft. downhill putt after his pitch to the green was wasted. Fleck, playing carefully all the way, was on in two. He took no chances. He babied his ball across 15 ft. of green in two taps, and he was the new Open champion.

Three days before, Jack Fleck barely had the cash to pay his caddy. Suddenly, the golf world was his. Tears filled his eyes as he watched Gentleman Ben Hogan grin for the cameras and fan the red-hot Fleck putter, the Hogan-designed club that had carried him home.

Red Sweep

Late-lingering winter in upstate New York kept Cornell's thin-sided racing shells in the boathouse longer than Coach Harrison Sanford would have liked; it takes a long and tedious spring to work a crew into shape for the long and tedious sweep-swinging season. So the Big Red got off to a slow start. On the Severn in April, they lost to Navy; on the Potomac in May, and even on the home waters of Lake Cayuga four weeks later, Cornell's varsity eight came home second, behind the powerful Quakers from the University of Pennsylvania.

Sanford bided his time. He switched and changed his oarsmen; he brought up a new coxswain, and he watched his men round into condition. Their stroke lengthened with power. The rhythm that puts a long, swift run on the boat became second nature. Last week, as a hot (90°), breathless haze flattened the dead waters of New York's Onondaga Lake for the 53rd Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta, Cornell was ready.

Cornell planned on getting away fast and giving everything it had to hold the lead. But the University of Washington's Huskies and the unbeaten Quakers beat the Big Red to the gun. For a mile and a half, the Washington and Penn crews pulled their hearts out to hold the pace. Then, stroking along at a steady 30 beats a minute, Cornell began to get way on its boat. Just before the two-mile marker, the Big Red caught up with its plan: it was a boat deck in front.

With half a mile to go, Washington's No. 2 man wilted in the heat, caught a couple of crabs and collapsed into the Husky bowman, who gave up and left his oar dragging in the water. Now Penn found strength for a sprint, came on to pass Navy and the Huskies. The Quakers were closing fast, but Cornell calmly raised the beat to 32, slid past the log boom at the finish, 10 seconds and a long 2½ lengths in front.

Sanford's day was perfect. His freshman and jayvee crews completed a sweep of the lake. Cornell had seen nothing like it, even in the days of "Pop" Courtney's powerful crews. "I'm too happy to make sense," said Sanford. He was even happier when he caught his breath and reminded his rivals that all but one of his victorious varsity will be back in the boat next year.

The day before, rowing upstream against an ebbing tide in Connecticut's Thames River, Yale's varsity eight held off a fine Harvard crew to win the oldest

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| <input type="checkbox"/> repeat business | <input type="checkbox"/> merchandise protection |
| <input type="checkbox"/> quiet, safety | <input type="checkbox"/> better work environment |
| <input type="checkbox"/> beauty, comfort | <input type="checkbox"/> employee loyalty |

In installation after installation by progressive businesses, big and small, Lees Carpets have contributed importantly to the success factors listed above. Among the thousands of companies for which Lees Carpets function for profit and growth are: Hudson's Northland Store, Detroit; Lever House, New York City; Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago; Penn-

sylvania Railroad, Burlington Railroad, United States Steamship Lines, United Airlines; and motels, offices, restaurants, small shops and stores everywhere.

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(since 1852) and longest (four miles) rowing competition in the U.S. On a two-mile course, Yale's freshman and jayvee crews completed a sweep of the river, first for the Elis since 1935.

Moscow Marvel

The Soviet band did the best it could with the awkward, unfamiliar strains of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. As it played, the sellout crowd in the Green Theater of the Gorky Park of Rest and Culture cheered, and the U.S. diplomatic corps stood bareheaded in the rain. It was clear that the bulge-muscle Americans, gathered in Moscow to bandy bar bells with the burliest Russians around, were as popular a bunch of visiting athletes as had competed in Russia in many a moon.

The first Russo-American athletic contest since the end of World War II gave six U.S. musclemen of assorted sizes a



ANDERSON & ADMIRAL
The burliest bar-bell bandier.

chance to flex their biceps for a friendly and admiring audience. Appropriately enough, it was Heavyweight Paul Anderson who made the biggest hit. The 22-year-old titan from Toccoa, Ga. looked for all the world like a living caricature of Humphrey Pennyworth, the comic-strip stroneman. Here in the flesh was the giant of a capitalist fairy tale. Almost as wide as he is high (5 ft. 10 in., 340 lbs.), Anderson toyed with the big bar bells and set two world records in the process. "We rarely have such weights lifted," said the solemn Russian announcer as Anderson hoisted 402.41 lbs. in the two-hand press. The crowd was still goggle-eyed when Paul handled a phenomenal 425.565 lbs. in the clean and jerk.

Team competition, as American scorers saw it, wound up in a 9-9 tie. But the U.S. had neglected to send a featherweight competitor, and the Russians, certain they were entitled to the featherweight points, claimed an 11-9 victory. The argument was incidental. Everyone was talking about Anderson. He had grown too monstrous to make much of a showing in "Mr. America" contests, but to Muscovites, who no longer differentiate between amateur and professional, athlete and showman, Paul Anderson was *chudo prirody* (a wonder of nature). He was indeed.

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EDUCATION

Goodbye, Messrs. Chips

Each year, U.S. colleges and universities must say goodbye to many a famed and favorite figure. Highlights among 1955's retirements:

The University of Rochester's **George Hoyt Whipple**, 76, Nobel laureate and for 32 years the kindly dean of the medical school. The son and grandson of physicians, Whipple earned his own M.D. at Johns Hopkins, worked for a while as a pathologist in Panama shortly after the start of William Gorgas' anti-malaria campaign; after serving as a professor at the University of California, he went to Rochester in 1921 as head of a school that was still only a bleak patch of earth. An awesome but beloved figure ("When he comes into a classroom," a student

she could wander from a description of Isaiah as "the Shelley of the Bible" to a full-fledged dissertation on skylarks, and this would remind her of the meadows around Britain's Grantchester, which in turn might—or might not—bring her back to the subject at hand. "I have learned," she once wrote, "that to know precisely what I am doing in any given class, at any given moment, is a state of mind as intolerably dull for my students as for myself."

Colorado College's lean, leathery Major General **William Hanson Gill**, 68, who at the request of the regents in 1947 took over the presidency "for a few months while they looked for a suitable man," to his own surprise has remained ever since. Holder of both the D.S.C. and the D.S.M., General Gill led the battle-worn 32nd

to work on enzymes, most scientists scoffed, and even after his experiments succeeded, many still refused to believe him. Later other scientists began to crystallize other enzymes, gradually confirmed the belief that enzymes are catalysts that stimulate activity within the body. Finally, the day came when Sumner won a Nobel Prize and a private chat with Sweden's King Gustaf V. Included in their chat: how a one-armed man manages to serve in tennis.

The University of California's bouncy, egg-shaped Political Scientist **Samuel C. May**, 67, father of the university's Bureau of Public Administration, the first institution of its kind in the world. Though he claims to be "the only professor in America who has not written a book," May has made his contribution by building up a vast storehouse of knowledge and by furnishing Government officials with a steady flow of facts and



SUMNER



STACE



RINEHART



CHASE



WHIPPLE

Wasp—Bazzell; Oreen Jack Turner; Herb Schoeller; Rusher Democrat & Chronicle
Cattle, catalysts, culture and the color of Pamela's socks.

once said, "the silence is denfening"), he built up two great hospitals, a school of nursing, clinics for cerebral palsy and psychiatry, turned Rochester into one of the top medical centers in the nation. Meanwhile, he also found time to study the indispensable role of certain foods, principally liver, in the formation of hemoglobin—a discovery to which thousands of victims of pernicious anemia today owe their lives.

Smith's **Mary Ellen Chase**, 68, silver-thatched, silver-tongued bestselling author (*Silas Crockett*, *Mary Peters*), whose courses in English literature have long borne, by Smith custom, the proud and simple label, "Chase," and whose domestically detailed quizzes have been immortalized by a bit of campus doggerel: "What were the colors of Pamela's socks? Long white jobs with classy clocks. What did Don Quixote masticate? Old fried pigeons served up in state." Whether reading Pater aloud by her own fireside, working out a Latin anagram, or putting her students through their paces in class, Teacher Chase cast her spell over thousands of Smith girls by her uninhibited showmanship, once astounded her doctor by babbling off the dates of all the Roman Emperors while coming out of the ether after a tonsillectomy. Mistress of the masterly digression,

(Red Arrow) Division through New Guinea and Philippine campaigns, which climaxed in the surrender of General Yamashita. Then, after a bout with malaria, he settled down in Colorado Springs. In his office at 8 each morning (and woe to the subordinate who got in later), he started the college's first building program in 25 years, set up its first R.O.T.C. unit, established its honor system. But more important than the administrator was the man himself—an exacting but kindly president who could cut a caper at a fraternity dance or ceremoniously crown a campus queen, was such an indefatigable gardener that he kept the neighbors for blocks around in fresh vegetables.

Cornell University's Chemist **James B. Sumner**, 67, the first scientist ever to crystallize an enzyme. An abrupt, laconic man who could answer a three-page letter in a sentence or two ("This doesn't make sense. Better try something else"), and would often blurt out to a comparative stranger whatever was on his mind ("My wife's in Sicily. She has sinus trouble and thinks climate has something to do with it. I don't. Do you know anything about sinus?"), Sumner achieved a special sort of triumph in his lifetime. Having lost one arm in a hunting accident, he was told that a one-armed man could never become a chemist. Then, when he started

figures on every sort of subject from "Comic Book Regulation" to "The Senile Aged Problem in the U.S." Among his former students and associates at the bureau: Earl Warren, Senator Knowland, and 45 of California's city managers.

Princeton's **Walter T. Stace**, 68, one-time British colonial official (he was mayor of Colombo, Ceylon), now one of the leading philosophers of the English-speaking world. A shy, retiring scholar, Stace started out training for the ministry at Dublin's Trinity College, has combined his studies of Western classic philosophers with quiet reflection on the world's religions. "Civilization," he concluded, "is organized goodness," and goodness comes, not from reason or faith alone, but from a "moral intuition"—a sense of the eternal order ruled by a god who is at once the ultimate mystery and the ultimate, but unprovable, reality.

The University of Idaho's **Edward F. Rinehart**, 70, expert animal husbandman of the university's extension service and senior counselor to the state's sheepmen and cattlemen. Since he first arrived in Idaho in 1912, "Riney" has come to know as much about the grazing lands and livestock history of the state as any man alive, laid the groundwork for Idaho's bull-grading system, kept his scattered clientele well supplied with



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learned but simple reports. Traveling by car, train and horse, he became a familiar figure in the barns and ranch houses of Idaho, and wherever he went, his rambling advice was awaited and welcomed almost with awe. "You'd think," says one cattleman, "that he wasn't listening to you at all. And then after a while, Riney would say something. Then he'd start for the door, stop there and say something else, then pick up his hat and say something else—and finally, all the time fixing to go, he would have told you all you wanted to know."

Harvard's Pitirim Sorokin, 66, a Russian artisan's son who became the first professor of sociology at the University of St. Petersburg and later at Harvard. Brash, brilliant young Sorokin ran away from his father at the age of nine ("My father was good man, except when he was drunk"), managed to get himself enough education to enter the University of St. Petersburg. A social revolutionary, he was arrested three times by the Czarist police, served as one of Kerensky's secretaries, was later arrested three more times by the Communists. Exiled in 1922, he soon came to the U.S. and with the publication of his monumental *Social and Cultural Dynamics*, a study of the fluctuations of "sensitive" and "ideational" cultures, he set the academic world to wondering whether it had found a new Spengler. Today, a mysterious mixture of crackpot and genius, Pitirim Sorokin has his colleagues wondering still.

Kudos

University of California

Harold C. Urey, scientist . . . LL.D.

City College, New York

Dr. Jonas Salk, who received the ninth honorary degree given by the college since 1900 . . . LL.D.

Dartmouth College

René d'Harnoncourt, director of Museum of Modern Art . . . LL.D.
Lane Dwinell, governor of New Hampshire . . . M.A.
Robert Frost, poet . . . LL.D.

Citation: "A teacher who has always sort of known that the hardest part of getting wise is being always just a little otherwise."

Joseph William Martin Jr., House minority leader . . . LL.D.
Henry Merritt Wriston, retiring president of Brown University . . LL.D.

Harvard University

Laird Bell, Chicago lawyer . . . LL.D.
Luis Muñoz-Marín, governor of Puerto Rico . . . LL.D.
Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the New York Times . . . LL.D.
Archibald MacLeish, poet . . . Litt.D.
George B. Kistiakowsky, chemist, expert on explosives . . . Sc.D.
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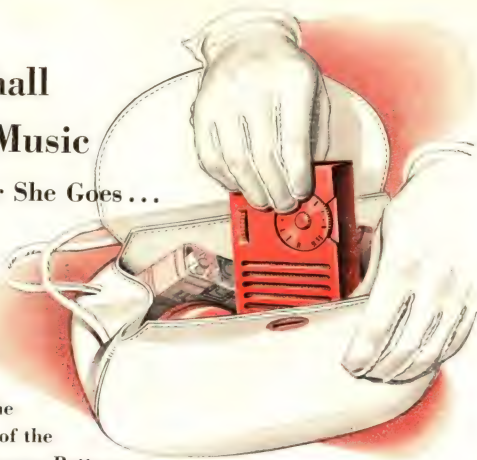
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SCIENCE

ACTH Dissected

One of the prime puzzles of chemistry is that biological dynamite, ACTH (adrenocorticotrophic hormone). Secreted in microscopic quantities by the pituitary gland at the base of the brain, it acts as a concertmaster, controlling by subtle hints of its chemical baton the equally subtle operations of the adrenal cortex. The cortex, properly stimulated, secretes hormones that control many activities of the body, including growth and reproduction.

ACTH, expensively extracted from the pituitary glands of cattle, also helps many a disease, such as arthritis, but the magic compound, unfortunately, is anything but simple. It is a polypeptide, a large molecule (molecular weight 4,500) made up of many amino-acid units arranged in a long chain. Chemists have puzzled over its structure for years, but have learned only bits and scraps about it. Polypeptides (related to proteins) are baffling things to deal with.

Last week the University of California announced that a team led by China-born Dr. C. H. Li has determined the complete molecular structure of ACTH. It turns out to be a straight chain of 30 amino acids arranged in a definite order. After satisfying themselves about the position of each link in the chain, Dr. Li and his teammates broke the chain in two, separating 28 of the links from the remaining eleven. The larger section proved to have all the desirable biological effects of the whole natural molecule. Better still, it lacks certain bad side effects.

An exciting possibility is that the chain can be broken into even smaller sections and that one of them will do the wondrous job of natural ACTH. Other fragments may have other desirable medical effects, and the fragments may be small enough to be synthesized cheaply.

None of this is likely to happen for a considerable time. Work with ACTH is slow, difficult and expensive because of the scarcity of the material. Financed by the U.S. Public Health Service, Eli Lilly Laboratories and the Lasker Foundation, Dr. Li's project took five years, cost \$250,000 and consumed the pituitary glands of 360,000 sheep. Many more sheep will have to be dissected before a simplified form of ACTH becomes a standard item on the druggists' shelves.

Predicting a Tornado

A gentle wind blows from the south; then it dies away, and a hot and oppressive calm lies across the land. From the west comes a line of thunderheads. At first they are low on the horizon, but swiftly they rise and swell and dominate the sky. By this time, weather-wise Great Plains farmers, who know tornado signs, are sticking close to their cyclone cellars.

Such weather wisdom warns of tornado conditions only an hour ahead at best; usually much less. This is not time enough to broadcast an alarm to people who

spend little time in the open and so cannot watch the sky. For such potential victims, the U.S. Weather Bureau, with a big assist from the Air Force, has developed a system that warns of tornadoes two to four hours ahead.

Peculiar Pattern. Tornado clouds are unpleasant subjects to study at close range, and so they are not completely understood. But practical information about them has accumulated. In 1948, Meteorologists Ernest J. Fawbush and Robert C. Miller were on duty at Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma, when a tornado swept across it. After the disaster they went over their data on conditions before the storm and found a "peculiar pattern." Five days later they came to their office, took a look at the day's charts and saw the same weather

these conditions (and more subtle ones) coincided, a tornado was likely to lick out from the black center of a cloud.

Since the Air Force is not in the business of warning the general public, the Weather Bureau set up a "severe-weather warning center" in Washington in 1952 to develop the Tinker Field system. Moved to Kansas City in 1954, it now issues warnings two to four hours in advance, spotting about 70% of the tornadoes within 150 miles of the warning area.

This sort of warning, though useful, is still pretty general, affecting a large area that may be struck by only a single tornado. It cannot tell which thundercloud is a potential bad actor. Radar does not help much. It shows a squall line advancing, but tornado storms in the line look like ordinary thunderheads.

The Waves Know. A new electronic tool is much more promising than radar. As far back as 1947, Dr. Herbert L. Jones



Ray Snodgrass

TORNADO AT WORK
Lightning shoots sferics from squalls.

pattern. They did not dare use the dread word "tornado," but they told key men about their hunch that a tornado was coming. Tinker Field got a forecast of an 80-m.p.h. wind, which ensured all possible precautions. Less than seven hours after the warning, the "pattern" delivered the goods: a tornado that ripped right across Tinker Field. It was probably the first to be predicted with pinpoint accuracy.

Stimulated by this success, Fawbush and Miller dug through past records looking for weather patterns that had produced tornadoes. As their experience grew, their forecasts improved, and were extended to cover military installations all over the central U.S.

In general, they smelled a tornado when a layer of warm, moist air was covered by a layer of cool, dry air. The wind had to be strong and in the right direction, and the warm air at the surface had to be subject to a strong lifting action. When

of Oklahoma Agricultural and Mining College discovered that lightning flashes from tornado clouds send out "sferics" (atmospheric radio waves) of unusually high frequency. Such waves can be detected a long way off, and distinguished from ordinary thunderstorm sferics.

This year two sferics-detecting networks are operating experimentally out of Tinker Field and Kansas City. They have radars that watch for squall lines, which average 150 miles long, each containing 15 to 20 thunderstorms. As the line advances, the sferics detectors sweep from storm to storm, measuring the frequency of its radio waves. In a violent squall line, two or three of the storms may be of the type that can produce tornadoes.

Dr. Jones hopes that his system will be ready next year for practical operation. Then the Weather Bureau can pinpoint an individual cloud and warn the people in its path to get under cover quick.

RELIGION

The Battle of the Monks

Ever since Korea's crusty old President Syngman Rhee exploded at finding a Buddhist monk living in a temple with his wife and four children (TIME, Jan. 3), 500 celibate monks and 160 celibate nuns have looked forward to casting the 5,000-odd married monks from the best temples. The government tried to help by issuing an ultimatum: all married monks had to be out of South Korea's 1,276 Buddhist temples by June 30. But the eager celibates concluded that their married brethren were moving as though they thought the government's order referred to their next incarnation. Public protests had helped their cause before, so the celibates decided once again to build a Buddhist fire under things.

One morning last fortnight, 104 of the unmarried monks and 100 of the nuns shuffled into Seoul's Cho-ke Temple to start a hunger strike. Rubbing their prayer beads, softly chanting their sutras, they waited. As night fell, the celibates retired to sleep—all but Sentry Kim Chi Yo, who took up his post at the temple's weathered wooden gates. There was a delegation of married monks in town to protest the government's decree, and rumor had it that the married monks might be looking for trouble.

They were. At 4 a.m., drowsy Sentry Kim heard a suspicious sound. Suddenly, some 200 of the enemy were upon him, swinging clubs. The sleepy celibate monks got to their feet, rushed out to join the fight, but their 20-hour fast put them at an additional disadvantage before the well-planned onslaught of the family men. By the time the police came charging to the

temple, 20 celibates were injured, ten of them seriously.

Last week the hunger strike ended (after 152 hours, five minutes) and the battle moved to the National Assembly. A majority of the legislators backed the married monks, passed a resolution demanding that the government let them alone unless there was further bloodshed or property damage. But President Syngman Rhee paid them no mind. The married monks must go on schedule, he decreed: "They are following the Japanized principle of Buddhism." (Some Japanese sects of Buddhism allow monks to marry.)

At week's end the celibates were still unbowed, if a bit bloody. During the fast, an additional 35 had to be hospitalized for starvation. And Sentry Kim Chi Yo was in critical condition from stab wounds self-inflicted, in remorse at having let the married monks get the jump on him.

The Marilyke Look

Some of Manhattan's department stores and some of suburban New Jersey's dress shops were getting used to a new kind of invasion last week. Potential customers enter, inspect the dresses and select the models worthy to bear a tag proclaiming them fit for a Roman Catholic girl.

Each tag, for which startled retailers are charged 3¢, "to cover the cost of shipping and mailing," is illustrated with a picture of the Virgin Mary, the trade name "Marilyke" and the motto, "Whatever our Blessed Mother approves." It also bears a list of specifications for Marilyke dresses, among them: "Full coverage for the bodice, chest, shoulders, back and arms," no cutouts lower than two inches below the neckline, no transparent or



Ellsworth Schell

FATHER VARGA
Baffled by swim suits.

flesh-colored materials to give the impression of nudity, sleeves halfway between shoulder and elbow, nothing that will "unduly reveal the figure of the wearer."

Labels also bear the legend "Copyright by Rev. B. Kunkel." The Rev. Bernard A. Kunkel of Bartlesville, Ill. (pop. 304) started a "crusade" for maidenly modesty in 1944, founded an organization called the Purity Crusaders of Mary Immaculate. In 1953 he began the Marilyke tag idea, and the movement has been growing ever since. "Close to 75,000 dresses have been tagged since we started," he said last week. In addition, a factory in Bartlesville now manufactures Marilyke clothes. Units of the Purity Crusaders have been formed all over the U.S. as well as in Canada, Hawaii, the Philippines and India.

Latest crusader for the Marilyke look is the Rev. Charles Varga, 27, pastor of St. John the Apostle Church in Linden, N.J. No retailer in Father Varga's parish has so far turned the tagging committee away, though many have managed to keep their enthusiasm within bounds. "Of course we let them tag the dresses," said one Linden shopkeeper. "What are we going to do—commit business suicide? This is a 65% Catholic community." But one buyer in a large Manhattan department store declared that "some of [the Marilyke dresses] are so cute we've put them in the Junior Department."

Marilyke crusaders concentrate on evening dresses and bridal gowns; swimming suits are too unformal—the same bathing suit might be acceptable on one girl and immodest on another girl several sizes larger. The big manufacturers, Father Kunkel admits, are the long-range goal. "Going to the retailer," he explained, "is an attempt to create a demand."

All Manila buzzed this week over a ban posted in every Roman Catholic girls' school against accepting any student who



BUDDHIST CELIBATES IN PRAYERFUL PROTEST
Slowed by the fast.

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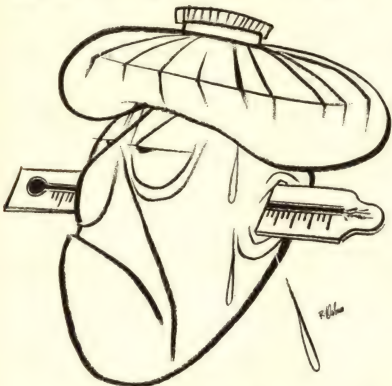
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- **Uses less current!** New G-E High Power Factor (HPF) models use less electricity. The ½ h. p. models require no expensive wiring—use less current than a toaster or an iron. Ask your power company about HPF before buying any room air conditioner!
- **Dial G-E for comfort!** Fully automatic controls—a single dial gives

you choice of 6 comfort positions!

- **No-draft comfort**—3 big rotator air directors send "Comfort-Conditioned Air" to every part of your room. No more drafts.



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Call your G-E dealer, now!

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

studies ballet. The reason: the scanty costumes (leotard and tutu) used by ballet dancers and the "extraordinary positions," as one nun put it, assumed in mixed company.

The new ruling, decided at a meeting of the Association of Mothers Superior of Manila's Roman Catholic girls' schools, struck a blow that might be mortal to the Philippines' growing interest in the ballet. Before World War II, only about 300 girls in Manila studied ballet, but during the postwar years, the visits of topnotch foreign dancers—Alicia Markova, Alexandra Danilova, Frederic Franklin *et al.*—have upped enrollment in ballet schools to approximately 2,000.

"We cannot believe it," editorialized Manila's *Evening News*. "This is a prohibition without parallel in our times . . . Ballet is one of the great arts . . . Catholic governments have encouraged and even financially supported it for centuries. It is astounding to find that we must argue such a point in our day and age."

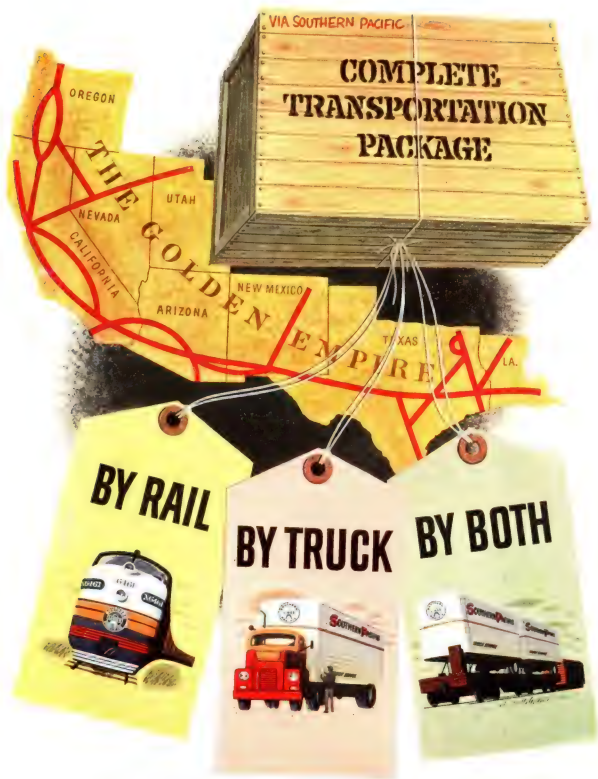
Words & Works

¶ Meeting in St. Paul, delegates to the 96th annual synod of the Augustana Evangelical Lutheran Church (membership: 516,968, fifth largest of the 18 Lutheran bodies in the U.S.) pondered the current shortage of pastors (857 available for 1,211 congregations), protested that "political expediency" in Washington has held up operation of the 1953 Refugee Relief Act, re-elected the Rev. Dr. Oscar A. Benson of Minneapolis for his second four-year term as president. Hottest issue of the convention was a proposal made by the United Lutheran Church in America (membership: 2,061,004) that Augustana join with U.L.C.A. in inviting "all Lutheran Church bodies to participate in merger discussions looking toward organic union." The synod voted overwhelmingly to accept.

¶ California's Attorney General Edmund G. Brown ruled that the Bible may be read in the state's public schools. But, said Brown, it may be read only as literature or history. Prayers, he ruled in another opinion, may not be said in the public schools. The Constitution's position on religion, declared Brown, stems "not from opposition to religion but from respect for it and for the right of each person to determine for himself his fundamental faith."

¶ Three months after Billy Graham packed Madison Square Garden in a one-night stand, the board of directors of Manhattan's Protestant Council voted to invite Billy to hold a first full-scale "crusade" in New York City in September 1956. Graham, in Switzerland to conduct crusades in Zurich and Geneva last week, told newsmen that he would wait until the invitation arrived before accepting or rejecting it.

¶ After three years, two months and 13 days of publishing the New Testament in daily installments (about 100 words), the *Akron Beacon Journal* set to work on the Old Testament. Estimated running time for the completed Bible: some 15 years.



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"Coked" valve "A" is from engine using a so-called "all-season" multi-viscosity oil. This coke-like deposit is a common cause of sluggish engine performance. Clean valve "B" is from engine using new Gulfpride H.D. Select.



See how Gulfpride H.D. Select holds its "body" (viscosity). This new oil contains no artificial thickeners that break down under heat and pressure. But note how quickly a typical multi-viscosity 10W-30 oil starts to lose its body.

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A completely new motor oil that controls carbon—and stands up because it has "natural" viscosity. Contains no artificial thickeners that break down in service.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Top Ten

The ten most popular TV shows, according to the latest Nielsen ratings:

- 1) *I Love Lucy*
- 2) *Disneyland*
- 3) *George Gobel Show*
- 4) *Jackie Gleason Show*
- 5) *Dragnet*
- 6) *Toast of the Town*
- 7) *Your Hit Parade*
- 8) *Martha Raye Show*
- 9) *Two for the Money*
- 10) *This Is Your Life*

\$16,000 Question

Having won \$8,000 a fortnight ago, Redmond O'Hanlon, New York cop and student of Shakespeare, returned to CBS-TV's *The \$64,000 Question* and announced that he would risk his winnings for a chance at winning \$16,000 and a new



CONTESTANT O'HANLON

Stunned look, right answer.

home for his five children. The \$16,000 question: Give the full names of the two publishers of the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays and the year it was published. O'Hanlon looked stunned. His wife bit her lip. After 30 seconds, the scholarly cop answered: Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, in 1623. He was right. He has another week to decide whether he will risk the \$16,000 to win \$32,000.

The Week in Review

The TV-radio season officially ended last week, and it was plain that the year had brought a major shift in the positions of the two major networks. Four facts stood out: 1) NBC has taken an aggressive lead in TV; 2) situation comedy, long a CBS specialty, is on the skids, with only one show, *I Love Lucy*, still among TV's top ten (see above); 3) sum-

mer is no longer a TV-radio slump period; and 4) NBC is taking revolutionary steps to put radio back on the map.

Simple Idea. Led by its energetic President Pat Weaver, who is intent on upsetting "the robotry of habit, and stirring selective viewing," NBC-TV had a banner year on one basic idea: to stretch big shows from 60 to 90 minutes. To these large-format programs, Weaver gave a characteristically picturesque name—Spectaculars. In 1955, NBC did 39. One, *Peter Pan*, was two hours long and had the biggest estimated audience (65 million) of any show during the year. Seventy are already scheduled for next season, and plans are being projected for two- and even three-hour shows.

CBS officials tried to pooh-pooh NBC's performance. "Spectacular, schmectacular!" scoffed one CBS brasshat. "What we ask is: 'Is it good?'" CBS answered its own question by announcing that next fall it will do at least ten 90-minute shows.

Rhymes with "Think." The decline of situation comedy, only last year the most popular TV fare, is so evident that CBS is throwing it out wholesale. CBS is canceling 16 new half-hour shows. Situation Comedy Writer Lou Derman gave the reason in last week's trade sheet *Variety*: "We've allowed our shows to become unbearably dull, repetitious, predictable, wild and sloppy. We've ignored a public that's sick and tired of watching, story in and story out, about Bringing the Boss Home to Dinner; and Forgetting the Wife's Birthday; and Getting Into This Disguise So's Husband Won't Recognize Me; and Is My Wife Killing Me For My Insurance Policy?; and Did He Forget My Anniversary?; and The Old Boy Friend; and The Old Girl Friend; and Let's Make Him Think He's Going Crazy; and Bringing the Boss Home to Dinner . . . Fellas, we've just about dug our own graves! . . . We've gotta think. You know what that rhymes with. Our stock situations do."

Hot Season. Another amazing fact of life dawned on the TV world: viewers enjoy being entertained in the summer as well as the winter. Result: summer has become a hot season for TV. Only two sponsors dropped CBS shows for the summer, and NBC's summer evening time is 92% sold. NBC has only twelve summer replacement shows, as compared to 20 last year. Many of the big shows, e.g., *Toast of the Town*, *What's My Line?*, will continue through the summer.

NBC is offering four summer Spectaculars. One, a nostalgic reminiscence of a prewar year. *Remember—1938*, was shown last week with Groucho Marx as host. Two of the three others promise to be good summer fare: the Broadway musical-comedy *One Touch of Venus*, and *Sven-gali and the Blonde*, a musical version of *Trubly*, starring Carol Channing.

Kaleidoscopic Phantasmagoria. In radio, as in TV, NBC was making history. For the past six years, radio-network

Homemade wiring is risky business even for farmers



by

D.B. Clayton Sr.
President
NATIONAL ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS ASSOCIATION



Folks who live on a farm are mighty handy with tools—always have been. And electricity, in recent years, has helped make them even more so, what with all the wonderful equipment and labor-savers it has made available.

However, like just about every other boon to mankind, electricity in inexperienced or careless hands becomes a dangerous thing. Even on the farm.

It wasn't so long ago, for example, we read about the farm youngster who was electrocuted by touching a neighbor's homemade electric fence.

Then there was the farm wife who lost her life when she tried to hook up a heat lamp to warm goslings on a drizzly day.

A farmer who tried to hook up his own milking machine did it wrong, burned down his barn and lost his entire herd.


Another farmer had his entire herd killed in their stanchions—because electricity was charging through their drinking cups from improper grounding of an electric motor.

"Accidents" like these happen every day. And, needless to say, they're far from being limited to farm "do-it-yourselfers"; those of us who live in city apartments or suburban homes are equally prone.

Best way to avoid them is to follow the advice of your power companies and electrical inspectors: make sure your electrical work is done only by reliable, experienced "pros" such as your NECA qualified electrical contractor. (You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book.)

The National Safety Council has prepared a very helpful pamphlet on the subject called "Safety Rules for Electrical Equipment." If you would like a free copy, just drop me a line at National Electrical Contractors Association, 610 Ring Building, Washington 6, D. C.

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KOCH OF CALIFORNIA
Corte Madera, California



income has plummeted to catastrophic depths (TIME, May 9), and the network hardest hit has been NBC. To get out of the red, NBC is trying *Monitor*, a 40-hour, nonstop, weekend radio show (Sat. 8 a.m. to Sun. 12 midnight). Last week *Monitor* got under way with \$1,400,000 in advance billings (by this week \$1,550,000), an incalculable amount of advance ballyhoo, and the promise that it would “keep listeners in instantaneous touch with everything interesting or entertaining anywhere in the world.”

It was a large promise, and NBC set out to keep it with a bang. From a specially built, \$150,000 pushbutton listening post in Manhattan, *Monitor* took its listeners on the kind of joy ride that led Pat Weaver to describe his brain child as a “kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria.” *Monitor* went to a California beach for live jive, to a Manhattan bar for an interview about baseball in double talk (replied one sober customer, to an almost sense-making nonsensical question: “Absolutely. Of course. I agree.”), to Washington for political opinion, to what was alleged to be a Long Island oyster bed for the sound of oysters (liquid and melodious), to a plane over the Atlantic for the feel of a flight to Europe (dull), to the Bucks County Playhouse at New Hope, Pa., for a scene from a new play—and so on into the night. With all the facilities of the network thrown its way, *Monitor*, a natural rover built for speed, proved first time out that it had variety, imagination, a sense of humor and an oyster bed full of gimmicks.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, June 22. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Three for Tonight (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). The Broadway musiccomedy hit, starring Dancers Marge and Gower Champion, Singer Harry Belafonte.

The Soldiers (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). A new situation comedy starring Hal March.

America's Greatest Bands (Sat. 8 p.m., CBS). A new show: the Paul Whiteman, Bob Crosby, Sauter-Finegan, Sammy Kaye orchestras.

George Gobel Show (Sat. 10 p.m., NBC). George Gobel trades gags with Guest Fred MacMurray.

Face the Nation (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS). Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov promises to answer all questions fired at him by three U.S. reporters.

Julius La Rosa Show (Mon. 7:45 p.m., CBS). Premiere and variety.

Wide, Wide World (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). A new show, with Dave Garroway.

RADIO

Monitor (Sat. 8 a.m. to Sun. midnight, NBC). A marathon, catchall weekend show of music, drama, etc., etc.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). From the Royal Danish Festival in Copenhagen, with the Danish State Radio Orchestra and Copenhagen Boys Choir.



On the beam for plywood

Unknown fifty years ago, the Plywood Industry now helps house America from basement to roof. Here's the story and the part commercial banks played in it.

Half a century ago plywood's light was literally hidden under a basket.

The story begins at the Lewis and Clark World's Fair in Portland, Oregon. The year was 1905. And for the first time fair-goers saw American-made Douglas fir plywood—humbly fashioned into fruit baskets!

Hardly anyone who looked at the new-fangled product foresaw its future. But a handful of imaginative lumbermen did. And to help develop our modern plywood industry they turned to banks.

Timber!

Today bank loans provide cash for felling and transporting trees. Bank loans help pay for machinery to peel giant logs down to supple veneers, and to cross-bond them into incredibly strong plywood panels. And on the retail side, bank loans frequently help local merchants stock everything from rugged exterior plywood to artistic interior panels.

Prosperity Across the Board

The results you can see everywhere about you... quicker construction, more varied beauty in homes and offices, greater strength and versatility wherever wood is used.

Bank help to the plywood industry affects all of our people, because money put

to work by commercial banks results in more jobs for men and women. This in turn means more production, and a higher standard of living for all of us.

The Chase Manhattan Bank of New York, a leader in loans to American industry, is proud of banking's contribution to the plywood industry and to the continuing progress of our country.

THE
CHASE
MANHATTAN
BANK

(MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION)

ART



Gordon Coster

WEDDING of Mississippi with Missouri is theme of the 19 figures in Carl Milles' fountain outside St. Louis' Union Station.

WATER & BRONZE

SCUPTOR Carl Milles, 80 years old this week, is a monument to the fact that monuments can be lovely. His conservative colleagues, e.g., Paul Manship, Oronzio Maldarelli, stick to classical patterns, yet come no closer to Praxiteles than a mannequin looks like a man. More radical sculptors such as Henry Moore and Jacob Epstein, on the other hand, often go in for deliberate ugliness of a sort calculated to give ordinary park strollers the heebie jeebies. Milles' monuments are both conservative and alive, both popular and poetic. Today, in the parks, gardens, and public squares of more than a dozen cities in Sweden and the U.S., his works (see color pages) delight thousands with visions drawn out of childhood and classic mythology—glistening, spray-misted glimpses of slim bronzed gods, gamboling mermaids, sea-green babes.

A self-taught sculptor, Milles left his home in Sweden at 22 to become a gym instructor in Chile, but he got no farther than Paris. There he de-

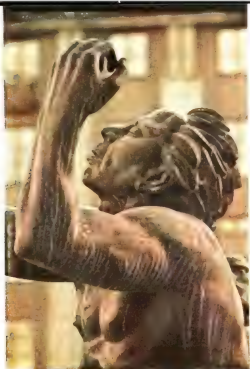
cided to make sculpture his career. For a time he stayed alive by working in a coffinmaker's shop and as a street hawker of cheap souvenirs. But he had the fortune to become an assistant to France's great Auguste Rodin. When Milles joined the faculty of Michigan's Cranbrook Academy of Art in 1929 to teach sculpture (until 1950), he was already recognized as Sweden's greatest living sculptor.

Milles' fancy is not every man's taste. Though traditional, he is not traditional enough to keep some from ridiculing his exaggeratedly lean figures. One St. Louis art commission member thought Milles' *The Meeting of the Waters* (above) looked like "a wedding in a nudist colony." Modernists have found Milles wanting in imagination to move beyond the aura of Rodin, and lacking in Rodin's great power. For his part Milles sees little to praise in modern

Erie School



MUSIC is symbolized by 24-ft. Orpheus playing for entranced mortals outside the Stockholm Concert House (see opposite).

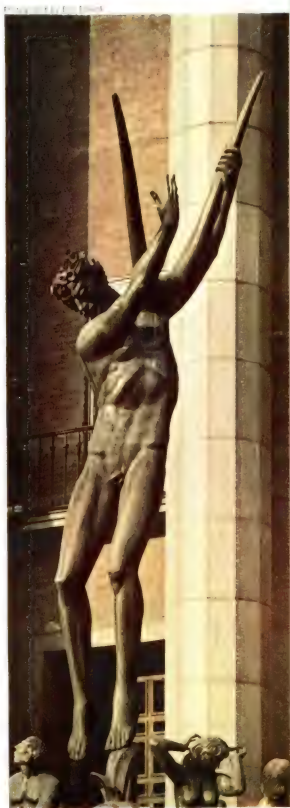


BEETHOVEN, hands raised like those of symphony conductor, is only historic figure among the eight in Carl Milles' *Orpheus Fountain* at Stockholm.

LISTENING GIRL drops flower in her surprise and rapture at sudden music of Orpheus' lyre.



TURNING HEAD: ecstatic woman seeks source of sound from musician close above her.



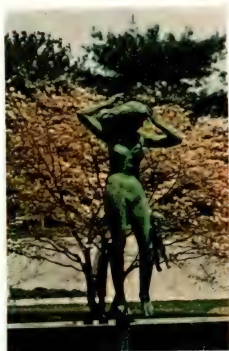
ORPHEUS hovers godlike over fountain, striking chords inaudible to mortals from invisible strings.



RISEN DEAD is theme of *Fountain of Faith*, in Falls Church, Va. Memorial Park.



BEARDED SAGE is memorial to French hermit who lived in mountain grotto, often gave Milles friendly inspiration.



YOUNG MOTHER lifts arms in joy at finding lost baby against her knee as it emerges into blissful afterworld.



THANKSGIVING is expressed by souls of dead family over arrival of young daughter who lies in trance, unaware of newborn state.

sculpture. "Their work is too stiff," he says. "They take a spiral and make a hole in it. I can do that myself."

Now one of art's snow-manned elders, Carl Milles, though a U.S. citizen, lives in Rome with his 81-year-old wife Olga. He still accepts new commissions and diligently puts in a six-hour day in his studio in the American Academy. "Great art has to be youthful . . . I am still a boy," he explains. One of Milles' latest undertakings is a large memorial group for Kansas City's Nelson Gallery. Recently, an inspection committee from the museum showed up to see the nearly finished work. "Why are there angels?" one asked. Replied Milles: "Don't you think God sends his people down to see what we are doing?" One angel was scratching its leg "because," said Milles, "there are so many mosquitoes down here." The committee, Milles reported, was thoroughly satisfied with his explanations.

Milles describes his creations as the stuff of dreams, and he would like to execute "2,000 more dreams." But he concedes serenely that there is not that much time. "I am sorry I must go," he says. "It is too bad that when you know the most and can do the most, you must go."

Springtime for Pablo

The greatest living artist, Pablo Picasso, 73, was up to his ink-black eyes in glory. Last week a huge retrospective show of his paintings at the Louvre drew more than 5,000 visitors in a single day; his prints and drawings went on view at Paris' National Library, and both exhibitions got adoring reviews. "Picasso," said the weekly *Arts*, "has played an incalculably important role in the history of painting." Added *Figaro*: "No artist ever dared go as far as Picasso."

Staring & Transforming. The old man started going farther, faster, half a century ago. Two of his best works at the Louvre exhibition were done in 1906, soon after he hit Paris. One was a portrait of Gertrude Stein (borrowed from Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum) that made her look solid as a hillside, a Mother Earth with brains. The other, a self-portrait from the Philadelphia Museum of Art, presented the youthful Picasso as a stocky, strong boy staring intently at nothing in particular. Both pictures demonstrated his genius for transforming subject matter into shapes and colors of his own invention which are still absolutely convincing.

Picasso soon turned his gift for direct attack from subject matter to art itself; at least half his creations have been reworkings not of nature but of art in general. "I imitate everything but myself," he would explain. The savage speed of his experiments often led him in circles: sometimes he sacrificed progress to change. History may view him as a childish titan who almost absent-mindedly laid vast granite foundations for a thousand castles of air.

Settling & Overflowing. But in old age Picasso is developing a new and airier touch. As charming as anything in the Louvre's show were 14 recent variations

on *The Women of Algiers*, a famous harem picture by Delacroix. The variations, painted in a brief, 64-day period last winter, flung open the shutters of Delacroix's exotic little dream world. Some of the "variations" verged on parodies, both of Delacroix and of Matisse. (Said Picasso to a friend after Matisse died: "I will try to continue his work.") More intriguing to curiosity seekers was another recent work. Picasso's gay-as-a-flag red, white and blue portrait of his new mistress: *Madame Z.*

In the flesh, Madame Z. is Jacqueline Roque, a dark-haired, dark-eyed Antibes woman, fortyish, self-effacing, maternal, and of course lovely to look at—Picasso has no fear of ugliness in art, but he does not appreciate it in women. For Jacqueline Roque's sake, and because he does hate fuss, Picasso passed up last week's festivities in Paris. He was busy settling into an



"MADAME Z."

Rip out the doors, open the shutters.

ornate villa, *La Californie*, overlooking Cannes and the blue Mediterranean.

He still sleeps at his old house in Valauris. At *La Californie*, Picasso has ripped out the connecting doors of the ground floor to make one huge studio. Pottery, sculptures, driftwood, rocks, paints, canvases, primitive idols, bottles and plain junk heaped here and there like the accidental deposit of a flood make the high, cool rooms seem homey to Picasso, who has much of Proteus about him. The only furniture thus far installed consists of some work tables, a few straight chairs and a rocking chair in which he reads his morning paper.

Picasso's ventures into the shocking-pink area of the political spectrum appear to have ended with his portrait sketch of Stalin, made to commemorate the dictator's death in 1953. Party officials pronounced the sketch a poor likeness, and Picasso reportedly replied to their strictures with a tart "*Tant pis* [Too bad]."

In his new surroundings, Picasso is painting as always, and Jacqueline Roque is cleaning his brushes. Thick in the middle and bald on top, he seems still strong as an oaken tub and overflowing with the wine of life.

Who's On First?

The sight of the newly arrived American tourist rushing to Paris' Louvre or Florence's Uffizi is as familiar as Mona Lisa's smile. A far more recent phenomenon is the ceremonial trip to U.S. museums. So much spotlight art has funneled into U.S. collections in recent years that today a tour of major U.S. museums has become a must on the agenda of many a foreign visitor, including Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth, Japan's ex-Premier Yoshida, Austria's Chancellor Julius Raab. Arriving in Washington on state business, West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer went to the National Gallery of Art for his fourth visit in three U.S. trips.

In a tizzy. In New York City last week, another joined that distinguished parade of art lovers. Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav M. Molotov, just in on the *Queen Elizabeth*, sent the huge Metropolitan Museum into a tizzy by showing up at the information desk and requesting a guided tour. Trained by a small Soviet retinue and reporters, including the New York Times's Russian-speaking Reporter Harrison E. Salisbury, longtime (1949-54) Moscow correspondent, Molotov spun through 40 rooms of art in an hour, suggesting by changes in his usually granite features that he was taken by Rubens and Tintoretto, curious about an obscure painting of J. P. Morgan by Carlos Baca-Flores, disdainful of Salvador Dali's recent *The Crucifixion*. After seeing the best of the Met's European works, Molotov asked to see some American paintings.

Though the American room was closed for refurbishing, and in a plaster-splashed state of disarray, Molotov got a good look at contemporary American abstractions, the kind of thing condemned in the periodic Soviet blasts at "bourgeois, formalist art." Molotov came to a full halt before a painting called *The Flying Box*.

Confusion. Here, as recorded by Reporter Salisbury, the tour produced the nearest bit of confusion since Lou Costello asked Bud Abbott, "Who's on first?" The Met's American Gallery Curator Robert B. Hale explained to Molotov's interpreter, Oleg Troyanovsky, that *The Flying Box* was the work of 27-year-old John Hulthberg (TIME, May 2), an "expressionist-abstractionist." The painter, Hale added, was once a guard at the Metropolitan. Troyanovsky translated to Molotov: "He was formerly of the *avant-garde*."

Puzzled, Molotov asked: "If he is only 27 and is 'formerly' of the *avant-garde*, how old must a man be to be in the *avant-garde*?"

Mr. Hulthberg, replied Hale, was a museum guard at the age of 21. "He was a member of the *avant-garde* at the age of 21," Troyanovsky translated to Molotov. Molotov shrugged his shoulders and gave up.

His tour completed, the visitor was asked by reporters what he had liked best. "The Americans," said Diplomat Molotov. Some reporters were incredulous. "That's what he says," said Interpreter Troyanovsky with a big smile.



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In that time Union Pacific has operated hundreds of aluminum cars. They have found that aluminum provides the advantages of more massive structural members with the benefits of lighter weight.

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Your Guide to Aluminum Value



MILESTONES

Born. To Robert Taylor, 43, veteran Hollywood leading man (*Many Rivers to Cross*), and Ursula Thiess, 31, German-born cinemactress (*Bengal Brigade*): their first child (her third), a son; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Terrance. Weight: 7 lbs. 11 oz.

Married. Lewis Hoad, 20, Australian Davis Cup star famed for his "big" game; and Jennifer Staley, 21, one of Australia's leading women tennis players; at Wimbledon, England.

Died. John Graham Dowling, 41, veteran overseas reporter, *TIME* bureau chief in Buenos Aires and former (1950-53) bureau chief in Singapore, World War II Chicago *Sun* correspondent in the Pacific Theater, son of Comedienne Ray Dooley Dowling, stepson of Actor Eddie Dowling; in the crash of a Panair do Brazil plane; at Cuatro Mojones, Paraguay.

Died. Ralph Heyward Isham, 64, retired businessman, collector of rare manuscripts, including the Boswell papers, which were acclaimed by scholars as the greatest literary find of the century; after long illness; in Manhattan. In 1927, two years after the supposedly destroyed Boswell papers had been found by Yale's Professor Chauncey Tinker at Malahide Castle in Ireland. Isham bought his first lot of the papers, found and bought five other lots in the next 23 years, sold the entire collection to Yale.

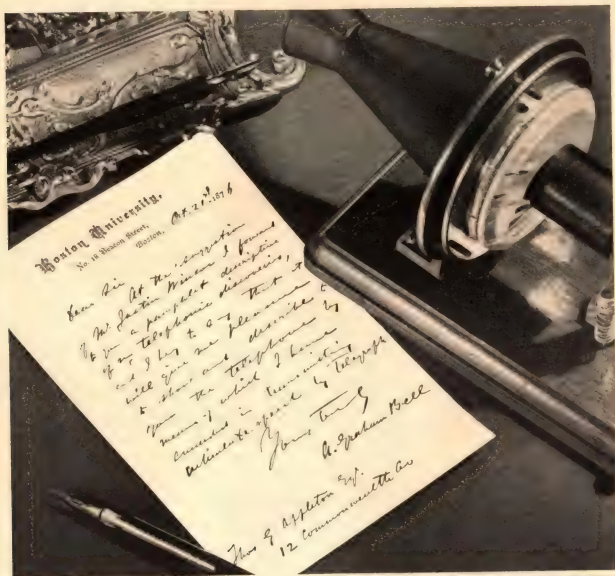
Died. Carlyle Blackwell, 71, wavy-haired romantic idol of the silent screen (*The Third Woman*, *The Beloved Vagabond*, *She*), and leading man for early screen beauties Marion Davies, Betty Blythe, Blanche Sweet, Alice Joyce *et al.*; of heart disease; in Miami.

Died. John Golden, 80, veteran play producer and theatrical jack-of-all-trades; of a heart attack; in Bayside, N.Y. Golden had a brief and unsuccessful fling at acting before making a name for himself as a song writer with comedy hits—*Poor Butterfly*, *Goodbye, Girls*, *I'm Through*, etc. In 1916 he produced his first show, *Turn to the Right*, followed it with *Lightnin'*, which set a new long-run record of 1,291 performances. In the next 36 years, Golden brought more than 100 shows to Broadway (including *Susan and God*, *The Male Animal*, *Claudia*, *Counsellor-at-Law*), became famous as the champion of "clean, humorous American plays" for the entire family.

Died. Josiah Willard Hayden, 81, president (since 1937) of the \$70 million Charles Hayden Foundation (founded by his bachelor brother, Wall Street Financier Charles Hayden), distributor of some \$30 million of the foundation's money for the "well-being, uplifting and development of boys and young men"; of injuries suffered in an auto accident; in Arlington, Mass.



Memorable American Letters...



Courtesy Bostonian Society

Knowledge of the human ear suggested to Alexander Graham Bell that electrical impulses could be converted into speech. This letter, in which he offers to explain his invention to Thomas Appleton of Boston, was written by Dr. Bell in 1876, shortly after he had successfully demonstrated the first telephone at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Warning Light

Taking a look at the high tide of the nation's business boom, Presidential Economic Adviser Arthur Burns last week judged that it was time to sound a note of warning. Though the U.S. is in glowing financial health, he told a conference of economists at Pennsylvania State University, "it is important to prevent the confidence that generates prosperity from passing into the overconfidence that generates speculative booms . . ."

Economist Burns served notice that the Eisenhower Administration is ready to curb credit in housing, the stock market or automobiles to nip any speculative boom. Burns also tossed off a veiled hint that the prospect of tax cuts next year depends on a sharp cut in Government spending. Said he: "Balancing the budget is imperative in a time of high prosperity."

Signs of high prosperity seemed to be everywhere last week:

❑ Automakers rolled out their 4,000,000th automobile, the first time in history that so many cars had been produced so early in the year. Even though wildcat walkouts at Cadillac and at some Chevrolet plants trimmed G.M. production 12%, most assembly lines were back to normal.

❑ Retail trade over the nation ranged from 2% to 6% ahead of the comparable week last year.

❑ The stock market moved up, dipped for a day, then gained back its ground and kept climbing. At week's end the Dow-Jones industrial average closed at 444.08, up 6.36 points above the previous week, to a new alltime record.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Progress in Rome

For the Fourth World Petroleum Congress, oilmen from 44 nations chose Rome, headquarters of Italy's monopolistic *Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi* (E.N.I.), the state-owned oil company that has consistently fought private international development of Italy's oil resources (*TIME*, Nov. 20). Italy had offered to be host to the congress, and the oilmen had accepted. The 3,200 delegates hoped to impress E.N.I. and its Boss Enrico Mattei with the power and efficiency of private oilmen, thus persuade E.N.I. to be more cooperative.

Italy's oil industry desperately needs foreign capital and know-how. But foreign oilmen have stayed out, largely because a new mining bill favorable to foreign capital has been fought by E.N.I. and pigeon-holed in Italy's Parliament since 1953.

At the congress last week, the delegates steered clear of directly mentioning Italy's exclusion of foreign capital. But toward the close, Walter J. Levy, an oil consultant for several U.S. companies, made a speech that contained some plain talking. Said he: "The functioning of world oil



U.S. ECONOMIST BURNS
A veiled hint.

operations is based on the joint endeavors and the continuous contribution of all participants . . . Each participant must abstain from exercising such pressure that others would be discouraged from making their necessary and legitimate contribution to the world oil economy."

By week's end, when the congress broke up, there was some solid evidence that Economist Levy and other delegates had gotten their point across. In Italy's Senate, Don Luigi Sturzo, 83-year-old founder of the Demo-Christian Party, an implacable foe of statism and an old enemy



ITALIAN BUDGET MINISTER VANONI
A friendly gesture.

of E.N.I.'s Mattei, rose to demand quick passage of the new mining act. Said he: "There is no good reason why private firms, either Italian or foreign, should not carry out research with their own capital and at their own risk." As for E.N.I. itself, even the state authority seemed to be weakening a bit. Said Italy's Budget Minister Ezio Vanoni, a steadfast Mattei supporter, at the closing session: "To realize these sources of wealth . . . asks the collaboration of all forces and all initiatives. The Italian government is hence pledged to friendly countries not to neglect exploitation of whatever resources exist in this country." To U.S. oilmen in Italy, it all had the sound of progress. Said one: "I still want to see some action before I get too enthusiastic. But the fact that he would even make such a speech is grounds for optimism."

Prosperity Round-the-World

Around the free world the economic picture was bright. While the Iron Curtain countries try to cope with falling production, shortages of food and consumer goods, Britain, Italy, France and other free nations report thriving industry, booming stock markets and rising standards of living (*TIME*, May 10, 1954 *et seq.*). Last week the most up-to-date summary of just how well the world is doing was presented in Basel, Switzerland, in the 25th annual report of the Bank for International Settlements. Said the bank's General Manager Roger Auboin: "Nineteen fifty-four has been for the world a year of prosperity and promise."

Proof of this prosperity came in a nation-by-nation roundup. In Europe's 17 OEEC countries,* gross national product rose an average 4% during 1954. The big point, said Banker Auboin, is that Western Europe continued its postwar boom despite the short U.S. "recession" that began late in 1953. While the index of industrial production in the U.S. showed a decline of 9% during the recession, the combined index for the Western European countries showed an increase of 4½% in 1953, and 8½% in 1954. Said he: "It is of the greatest psychological importance that the haunting fear of major fluctuations in the U.S., which Europe has had in the past, has lessened."

Imports v. Exports. With its new confidence Europe has reached greater financial security. The supply of native capital for investment is rising; e.g., in France, Italy and Germany, capital markets were more active in 1954 than in any other postwar year. Moreover, Europe built up a 1954 trade balance, i.e., exports over imports, of \$1.2 billion, only \$300 million

* The Organization for European Economic Cooperation includes Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Greece, Iceland, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, West Germany. The U.S. and Canada are associated countries.

TIME CLOCK

under 1953's postwar record. For West Europeans, the surplus meant that they could not only boost monetary reserves, but allow more imports of dollar goods. Thus European imports from the U.S. rose \$500 million in 1954, even though exports to the U.S. dropped by \$250 million.

Sounder currencies made it possible to lift restrictions on trade and foreign payments, said Auboin, as he ticked off Europe's progress: reopening the London gold market, lifting controls on the use of transferable sterling for current transactions, giving limited convertibility to the German mark, and unblocking other German balances. As a result, "monetary reserves are now better distributed than they used to be." The total gold and dollar holdings outside the U.S. rose \$2.2 billion last year, with Italy, Germany and France taking the lion's share.

Freedom v. Controls. The European consumer has gained most from a sounder currency. Prices have been stable for three years, not because of controls, said Auboin, but because of genuine market forces, aided by active monetary and credit policies designed to maintain overall equilibrium during a period of expanding production. In short, more abundant supplies kept prices down. Output of farm products was up, and production of industrial raw materials, e.g., oil, coal, etc., has gone up 60% since 1937 (the last normal prewar year). Said Auboin: "Now that supplies are becoming more abundant and inflationary tendencies are being curbed by flexible credit policies, it seems likely that, provided the world remains at peace, inflation has come to an end."

To balance his rosy optimism, Auboin raised a flag of warning. Said he: "In most countries all the available manpower is by now fully employed, and, for this reason alone, it is unlikely that the recent rate of expansion can be maintained all along the line." (Britain has already tightened credit to restrain its boom.) To consolidate Europe's gains, each country must watch its national budget, keep a check on inflation, remove restrictions against international trade and currency exchange. Said Auboin: "There is no reason for complacency." Prosperity "will remain precariously based until the principal currencies of the world are again quoted at a single realistic rate of exchange under proper market conditions."

LABOR

G.A.W. Creeps On

The guaranteed annual wage came to a second major U.S. industry last week. After a one-day strike, the C.I.O. National Maritime Union won a contract for supplementary unemployment payments from Atlantic and Gulf Coast ship operators. Shippers will contribute 25¢ daily for each man working, build a fund to make up the difference for 26 weeks between state unemployment compensation

COFFEE PRICES are bouncing up again for the first time in nearly a year, after an agreement among South American producers to regulate exports instead of dumping surpluses on the market. A. & P., Safeway and Grand Union have boosted prices 2¢ to 3¢ a lb., and other big roasters will probably follow suit.

ALUMINUM-NICKEL shortages will be eased by diverting metal from the Government's strategic stockpile to private users. For 1955's third quarter, the Office of Defense Mobilization, which released some metal earlier this year, will release another 200 million lbs. of aluminum and 3,000,000 lbs. of nickel.

GIANT RADAR NETS under construction around the North American continent will be a bonanza for the electronics industry. They will cost the U.S. some \$2 billion in fiscal 1956 alone, says Assistant Air Force Secretary Lyle S. Garlock.

ANTIBIOTICS INDUSTRY will get a long, hard look from the Federal Trade Commission. The FTC will investigate pricing policies in various drugs (profits vary from near zero to 400%), patents on drugs that the Government helped develop, and the decrease in competition.

BUDGET-BUREAU reorganization can save the U.S. \$4 billion annually, says the Hoover Commission, which says that under current procedures "there is no effective control over expenditures either by the Congress or by the executive branch." The commission recommends that the Budget Bureau apply the accounting and financial methods of U.S. business to its job, wants it to pay more attention to budgeting yearly Government expenditures on a strict cost basis, and less to preparing mere estimates of proposed expenditures.

AIRCRAFT MERGER TALK between Lockheed and Bell has pushed their stocks up on the New York Stock Exchange. Though both com-

panies say that nothing is imminent, the deal would be a shrewd diversification move for both: Lockheed makes chiefly fixed-wing planes, while Bell is hip-deep in rocket engines, guided missiles, helicopters.

STEEL DEMAND will hit about 190 million tons annually within 15 years, some 50% more than current U.S. capacity, predicts Bethlehem Steel's President Arthur B. Homer.

FRUIT PRICES will soar this summer because of spring freezes in the South, California and Michigan. Prices of plums, apricots, watermelons and peaches will go up, at least until late Northern crops start coming to market. On Southern markets, peaches are selling at 25¢ apiece.

RENEGOTIATION LAW for defense contracts will probably be extended by Congress for another two years. Under the bill now before the Senate, the Government can renegotiate all contracts beyond the first \$500,000 of sales if it thinks profits excessive. Exception: contracts made by competitive bidding for new military buildings, defense plants, additions to current facilities.

VICKERS VISCOUNT, Britain's most successful postwar transport, will soon replace U.S. Convair 440s on short-haul routes on Holland's KLM Royal Dutch Airlines. Vickers has sold nine Viscounts worth \$11 million to KLM, landed orders for five planes from three U.S. corporations (U.S. Steel, Standard Oil Co. of California, Hughes Tool Co.), thus breaking into the lucrative business-flying field for the first time. Total Viscounts sold to date: 214.

FIRST POLIO SUIT against Cutter Laboratories has been filed by an Oakland, Calif. couple. They charge that their four-year-old boy contracted polio as a result of the company's "negligence and carelessness" in making the vaccine, ask \$100,000 damages from Cutter and two drugstores which sold the vaccine.

(\$36 a week in New York, \$30 in New Jersey) and \$40 weekly when maritime workers are laid off.

For their G.A.W. victory the seamen could give much of the credit to the breakthrough at Ford Motor Co. by Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers. As for the U.A.W. itself, it wasted no time in pressing on to the next automaker with an expiring contract: American Motors.

Most automakers had guessed that the U.A.W. would go easy on American. American President George Romney expressed the same hope before a Senate committee investigating competition in the auto industry. He pointed out that American is already paying higher wages than the Big Three, and its books are just beginning to show a profit (v. a \$644,390 loss in 1955's first quarter). But last week the U.A.W. made it clear that

the independents must follow the Ford-General Motors pattern. Said Leonard Woodcock, U.A.W. vice president and Reuther's chiefman for American Motors: American's auto workers need G.A.W. "even more than the bigger firms because of its ups and downs in employment."

New Worlds to Conquer. The auto workers also stepped up the pressure on another big industry: farm equipment. John Deere & Co. has already gone through three bargaining sessions over G.A.W., and the union is demanding nothing less than a contract like the one at Ford. Reuther has also notified International Harvester Co. and Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co., whose contracts expire in August, that the U.A.W.'s new contract demands will include G.A.W.

For the U.A.W. the guaranteed-wage plan was not only a collective bargaining

INDUSTRIAL DISPERSAL

Better Defense and Better Business

IN last week's simulated H-bomb attack, Washington officials dispersed to 31 different hideouts. But for U.S. industry—the heart of the nation's war-making power—dispersal was not so easy. Had there been a real H-bomb attack, 15 accurately dropped bombs could have demolished two-fifths of America's industrial capacity.

The Pentagon is deeply worried over the small progress towards dispersing U.S. industry. Air Secretary Harold Talbott has already warned that the Air Force plans to discourage further expansion of plane and missile factories in Southern California, where 25% of the region's payroll is devoted to military aircraft production.

So far, little has been done on purely military grounds to speed up industrial dispersal—partly because of the enormous cost. Not until two years after the Korean war began did Washington take its first—and only—significant step. It ruled that in the future all new plants seeking rapid tax amortization certificates would have to be located at least ten miles outside "Probable Ground Zero," i.e., defense industry and population centers. By that time, however, the Government had already granted fast tax write-offs for \$20 billion in defense construction. Moreover, even the belated rule has largely been ignored. Only 546 projects, costing \$3.9 billion, have met dispersal requirements. Meanwhile, the requirements themselves are outdated, have not been changed to meet the greater threat of the H-bomb.

However, the situation is not as black as it looks. For purely economic reasons, U.S. industry has been doing a great deal of dispersing on its own. In the past year alone, the chance to save on shipping costs to the booming West Coast market caused more than 35 national firms in the East and Midwest, e.g., Elgin, Borg-Warner, to set up branches in the Southern California area. The need for sufficient labor at reasonable wages has forced many other corporations out of heavily industrialized regions into rural areas. Cleveland's Clevite Corp. (bearings and bushings), which has decentralized into eleven plants in the past ten years, insisted that "with smaller plants . . . we achieve greater efficiency." Overall, since 1940 the proportion of U.S. industry concentrated in cities of 100,000 or more has declined from about one-half to one-third.

Industry has also gone to work in

other ways. Twenty-four industry task forces have been formed, and the rubber, chemical and iron and steel industries have each produced thick, detailed manuals on what to do if bombs drop. Typical topics: how to set up management succession lists in case the top echelon is wiped out; the collecting and storing of vital records in a safe place; arranging for alternate officers to sign emergency payrolls.

Some companies went to work on their own. Koppers picked a "reorganization point" outside Pittsburgh, stocked nearby bank vaults with microfilms of vital company records, and instructed key personnel to head for this emergency shelter at the first sign of attack. Standard Oil (New Jersey) set up an alternate office 60 to 75 miles outside New York City to feed, sleep and serve as GHQ for 100 top executives. Curtiss-Wright bought 84 square miles in north central Pennsylvania to assemble jet engines and 5,000 acres in New Jersey's Ramapo Hills for a bombproof headquarters. The petroleum industry has set up five regional committees to run the natural gas and oil industry in each area, and A.T. & T. arranged alternate toll-call routes and emergency generators. One company has even stocked its secret rendezvous with disaster pay checks printed on distinctive notepaper and made out in standard amounts.

But dispersal is not practical for all, can be both bad economics and bad defense. Some industries, e.g., automobiles and shipbuilding, require large concentrations of machinery, labor and materials, and any attempt to break them down into small, easily dispersed units would be almost as damaging to war production as bombing itself. Nor is dispersal simply a matter of picking up a factory and transporting it to the middle of nowhere. While the factory might be safer in its new home, it might also produce next to nothing—for want of housing, skilled labor, and transportation facilities to get raw materials.

Nevertheless, from now on industry should incorporate military purpose in its economic thinking and keep dispersal firmly in mind as it plans further expansion. Dispersal and decentralization are as much considerations of forward-looking management as healthy labor relations or sound accounting practice. For many companies, dispersal will mean not only greater safety in war but greater efficiency in peace.

problem; it was also a political issue. Many states have laws or administrative rulings that bar unemployment payments as long as a worker receives money from his employer. The union's lobbyists are going to work to get them changed, because the Ford agreement to G.A.W. is off unless the governments in states containing two-thirds of Ford employees agree by June 1, 1957 to permit the supplemental G.A.W. payments.

Thus, G.A.W. must get the blessing of Michigan, which has 56% of Ford employees, and several other states before the plan can go into effect. The state senate of Ohio (where 10% of Ford employees live) refused to go along with a G.A.W. plan last week, does not meet again until 1957. California has also ruled against G.A.W., and a political fight is shaping up in Illinois over the issue. But New Jersey permits the tie-in payments, and last week New York's Governor W. Averell Harriman gave them his approval.

Moral Support. Whatever happens, it was plain that U.S. businessmen had been caught flat-footed by what had happened in Detroit. In Chicago last week, the National Association of Manufacturers held a special meeting to consider one subject: G.A.W. The meeting was scheduled weeks ago, timed to give moral support to the automakers' battle against G.A.W. But the sudden settlement by Ford upset their plans and angered many of the delegates.

Having come prepared to argue that G.A.W. could not and must not be accepted by U.S. industry, N.A.M. speakers revised their speeches. Keynote Robert E. Wilson, chairman of Standard of Indiana, called it "unthinkable" that a worker should be paid nearly as much "for not working as he is for working." On the other hand, he added, as a note of calm, "neither should we assume that any new burden would be intolerable." At week's end the N.A.M. took a firm stand against G.A.W. Said its board of directors: "Such plans will create inequities among employees . . . deplete state unemployment compensation reserves, and jeopardize the financial strength of many companies, especially the newer and smaller ones. If widely adopted, they will inevitably have seriously damaging effects on our American economy."

INDUSTRY

Biggest Uranium Mill

All through the uranium country in the Western states, ore has piled high outside the mines as production outsped the expansion of uranium refineries. One of the biggest stacks of ore lies outside the rich (\$60 million in proved reserves) Mt. Vida mine of Charles Steen, the onetime oil geologist who discovered Mt. Vida when he was almost penniless, thereby touched off southeast Utah's first big uranium strike (TIME, Aug. 3, 1953).

Ore has been collecting at Mt. Vida's portal at the rate of 15,000 to 20,000 tons monthly, now lies in heaps 40 ft. high. The sight of such idle riches disturbed Steen, so he decided to build a mill himself. Last

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week he signed, for his Uranium Reduction Co., a contract with the Atomic Energy Commission to build an \$8,000,000 to \$10 million uranium-reduction mill, the biggest (by 50%) in the U.S.

Steen's mill, the eleventh in the nation, will go into production next summer, will refine ore (by the sulphuric-acid leaching process) from Mi Vida and other mines in the Big Indian Wash district, as well as from AEC's nearby stockpile. To finance construction, Steen will borrow \$3,500,000 from New York's Chemical Corn Exchange Bank, \$6,200,000 from the New York Life Insurance Co., thus bring a major insurance company into the uranium business for the first time. Steen need not worry about customers: AEC will take the mill's entire production until at least 1962.

AVIATION

Atlantic Freight

After eight years of waiting, a small, nonscheduled U.S. airline finally came into its own last week. In Washington, President Eisenhower approved a CAB recommendation giving Seaboard & Western Airlines Inc. a five-year certificate to fly a regular transatlantic freight service from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore to seven European nations, thus making S. & W. the first U.S.-flag, all-cargo carrier to Europe.

The CAB decision was a big victory for S. & W. and the Norden brothers—Raymond, 38, and Arthur, 41—members of the small band of World War II pilots who have made good with their airlines. Both won their wings in the Navy, later served in the Air Transport Command, where they saw a bright future for peacetime cargo flying. Starting off with two surplus C-54s in 1947, they quickly built up a fleet of twelve DC-4s and a business of more than \$10 million flying across the Pacific during the Korean War (TIME, July 7, 1952).

But when the war ended, S. & W. ran into rough weather. In a single year, the line saw its gross plummet nearly 50% from the 1953 peak of \$13.6 million. It returned six leased DC-4s, chopped its personnel, and hustled up private air freight, flying everything from European leather goods for the carriage trade to Indian rhesus monkeys for the Salk polio-vaccine program. It bought four new Lockheed Super Constellations to give customers faster service, expanded its service to the point where this year's revenues will top \$15 million. Next step: more expansion by buying more long-range Constellations.

No Present for Lufthansa

To welcome West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer to the U.S. a fortnight ago, the State Department and the CAB had worked up a handsome present for Germany's reborn Lufthansa airline. In air-route negotiations the U.S. gave Lufthansa some prize routes, including a polar route from Germany to San Francisco or Los Angeles, a transatlantic route to Chi-



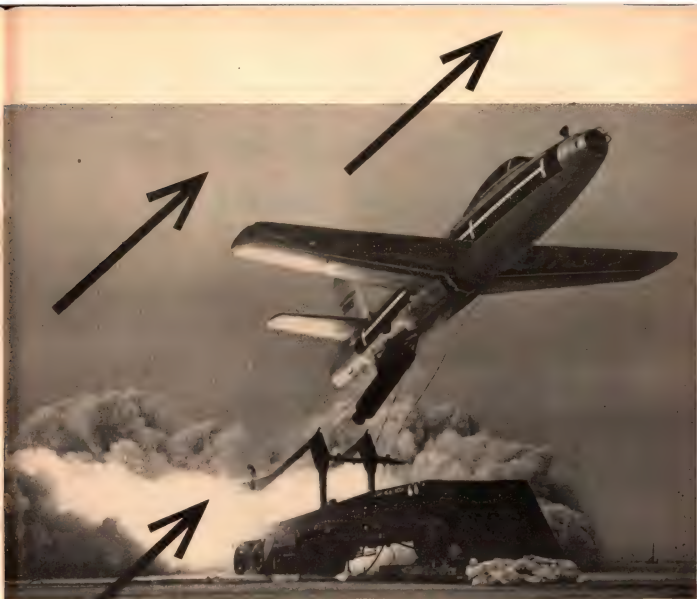
RAYMOND & ARTHUR NORDEN
Wings for monkeys.

cago, and one to Boston, New York and Philadelphia, then down to the Caribbean and South America. In return, U.S. airlines got routes to six German cities plus the privilege of picking up passengers to Scandinavia, the Near East, Africa and other destinations. But at the last minute the present was called off. No one had bothered to check with U.S. airlines, and the airline men were up in arms over what they considered a giveaway. By putting on the pressure, the airlines got the State Department to postpone the deal. Last week they took their case to the U.S. Senate.

In closed hearings before the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, four U.S. airlines protested the deal. Only T.W.A., which stands to gain a new route through Germany, was for the agreement. Angry and scornful, the other lines called the State Department negotiators "stupid" and "inept," argued that they had been maneuvered into handing the Germans the entire Western Hemisphere on a silver platter.

Hunting License. What made the airline men angry was the fact that under the deal West Germany would get more than either Britain or France now has. This was bound to lead to demands for more routes from other nations. Neither British Overseas Airways, which flies from New York to 15 Caribbean points, nor Air France, which has a Mexico City run, may fly passengers between U.S. cities and such a wide array of Latin American points as Lufthansa might be able to do under the proposed agreement. Even worse, said the airline men, the Germans were about to get South American routes that even U.S. airlines have been unable to win. For years, Braniff has been anxious to fly to Colombia, but the State Department has allowed negotiations to drag. Under the deal, said the airlines, Lufthansa would get "a hunting license" for all South America.

The new German routes, said U.S. airline men, would hurt many U.S. carriers, with



the world's shortest runway

In the event of surprise attack with today's weapons, a single bomb could wipe out a whole area. Meanwhile, longer and heavier runways are essential to the operation of today's aircraft.

Because of this, the Air Force has long been concerned with the need for entirely new ways of getting its fighter planes into the air by means which would eliminate the concentration of aircraft in the vulnerable areas of forward bases.

Martin engineers, working with the Air Research and Development Command, were given the job of finding a solution to this important problem—and shown here is their answer.

It is the world's shortest airstrip—a mobile zero-length launcher which is transportable by air or land and which operates in a space of only ten square yards. It is shown here blasting a piloted Republic F-84 into full flight without the necessity of any take-off run.

As an outgrowth of the work of the same Martin-ARDC team which produced the TM-61 Matador pilotless bomber and zero-length launcher, this important development is another example of Martin's contribution to American airpower and security.

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Ned H. Dearborn

President, National Safety Council:

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* * *



Ned H. Dearborn, President of the National Safety Council since 1944 and a former Dean of New York University, comments on a vital aspect of the U. S. oil industry—its contributions to highway and industrial safety.

important service for greater nationwide highway safety.

It is an unsung service, too. When a service station attendant—in any of America's 200,000 service stations—cleans our windshield, checks the oil, tires, water and lights, or reminds us that it's time to lubricate for safety, most of us take it for granted — never thinking that this service may well be protecting us from a serious accident.

Furthermore, scientists, working in the laboratories of dozens of competing oil companies, are constantly introducing new safety factors into oil products.

But safety does not stop with customers and products. America's oil companies are always thinking of improving safety conditions for more than a million-and-a-half employees. As a result, 1953 figures show that the industry's accident frequency rate fell 35 to 40 percent below the 1946 level. This is one of the most remarkable industry improvement records ever encountered by the Safety Council.

The oil industry's fine safety record — for customer, employee and in product development — is a typical result of our competitive business system. Unlike state-controlled industry, in America each company depends on public good will — good will it must earn by providing good products, good service, good value and, above all, by being a good citizen.

At the National Safety Council we feel that the oil industry's efforts on behalf of public safety are citizenship of a high order.

only a few lines reaping a real benefit in return, would eventually mean increased U.S. subsidies. Both Eastern and National Airlines carry heavy Latin American traffic between Miami and New York, traffic that Lufthansa would cut into with its through flights. Snapped National's Vice President Alexander Hardy: "If Lufthansa should get a through route, we'd be right back on subsidy." Both Pan American and Braniff, which already get a \$14.5 million subsidy on their Latin American runs, would need still higher subsidies if Lufthansa won away many passengers. And with its lower costs (Lufthansa's German pilots get a maximum of \$600 monthly v. a top of \$1,700 for U.S. pilots), there was little doubt that the German airline would prove a rugged competitor.

Argument Won. At the hearings, the State Department's Deputy Assistant Secretary Thorsten V. Kalijarvi, who helped negotiate the original agreement, tried to justify the deal. He said that the routes were necessary to keep West Germany from restricting U.S. airlines, and to win the right for U.S. lines to carry passengers from Germany around the world. Said Kalijarvi: "The [U.S.] airlines are their own worst enemy. They can't act like this and achieve order in the international airlines business. The Germans are going to have one of the world's biggest airlines, and they will eventually be in a position to retaliate against American carriers."

By week's end, the U.S. airlines had won their argument in the Senate, retaliation or not. Said one Senator: "I've never seen the U.S. so badly out-traded as in this deal." At the close, Committee Chairman Warren Magnuson announced that the State Department and CAB had agreed to re-examine the deal. The committee was also writing a letter advising the Department to check carefully with U.S. airlines in future deals. No matter which routes Lufthansa eventually gets, it will not be a strong competitor for some time to come. Lufthansa has just started a New York-to-Germany run twice a week with a fleet of four Super Constellations, will need years to build up a big air fleet.

FOREIGN TRADE

The Case of the 100 Jeeps

In the seven years since Washington put a ban on the sale of war-useful materials to Iron Curtain countries, there has been many an attempt to evade the embargo, chiefly by foreign firms. Last week Washington revealed the first case involving a major U.S. firm: the Commerce Department had caught Willys-Overland Export Corp. in a deal that landed 100 of its jeeps behind the Iron Curtain.

It began two years ago when the trading firm of Les Fils de Basile Obegi of Syria placed an order with a New York export house for 100 four-wheel-drive jeeps (which cannot legally be exported to Iron Curtain countries). The jeeps' purported destination was Beirut, where a merchant named Jean Maghamez supposedly wanted them for local farmers. Willys-Overland Export Corp. of Toledo



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cabled its Syrian dealer, Levant Motors, to investigate the \$150,000 order. Levant Motors discovered that Consignee Maghamez was just a front man, and replied that it suspected Les Fils de Basile Obegi was planning to re-export the jeeps to Rumania. The auto firm, however, said nothing to the Commerce Department.

On Oct. 30, 1953 the jeeps arrived in Beirut and less than a week later, they were aboard an Italian freighter bound for Constanta, Rumania. One of the widespread army of Commerce Department informers spotted the 100 crates being transhipped and informed the U.S. Embassy, which wired Washington.

Last week the Bureau of Foreign Commerce suspended Willys-Overland Export Corp. from export privileges for two months, then commuted the sentence to probation for six months.

MODERN LIVING

Shoot the Vision

As every TV-set owner knows, the biggest nuisance in watching television is having to get out of the chair to switch stations. Last week Zenith Radio Corp. brought out a new set equipped with electric eyes, permitting the viewer to sit as far away as 20 ft. and control it with a special pistol-grip flashlight. By shooting the beam at one slot alongside the screen, he can turn the set on (and off); by aiming at a second slot he can switch stations; by aiming at a third slot, he can turn off the sound. Cost: about \$75 more than conventional TV sets. But the gadget is more than a sales gimmick; because it makes a sport of knocking off the sound when the commercial comes on, Zenith has a new weapon in its fight for pay-as-you-see TV.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

General Matthew B. Ridgway, 60, retiring Army Chief of Staff, was elected chairman of the board of trustees of Pittsburgh's Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, replacing Dr. Edward Weidman, 67, who continues as president. Ridgway, having thus turned down a bid to head Henry Kaiser's Argentine operations (TIME, May 2), will coordinate and direct policy of the nonprofit research organization, founded in 1913 by Banker-Industrialists Andrew and Richard B. Mellon, to work with industry in seeking "through . . . research in science . . . results that are of advantage to society."

William P. Drake, 42, became president of Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Co., which produces more than 400 different chemicals, had first-half sales this year at an annual rate of more than \$60 million and will soon start on a five-year expansion program. A plain-talking six-footer, Drake played football at Bowdoin College, leaving in 1934 to take a summer trainee job with the company. Drake was carefully groomed for the presidency by the man he succeeds, George B. Beitzel, 61, who will continue



"LUM 'N' ABNER'S" LUM
Available.

as a director, devote most of his time to the company's foreign operations as chairman of the wholly owned subsidiary, Pennsalt International Corp.

Chasler H. Lauck, 53, the "Lum" of the radio and movie team of Lum 'n' Abner, was named an executive assistant in Houston's Continental Oil Co. Lauck, longtime cattle raiser (on his 143,000-acre Nevada ranch) and veteran of a score of radio years, was a businessman (manager of the Citizen's Finance Corp. of Mena, Ark.) before he turned to radio. Continental President L. F. McCollum said that while Lauck will have administrative duties with the company, he will also "be available as an after-dinner speaker and for other community gatherings."

Dr. Lawrence R. Hafstad, 51, first chief of the Atomic Energy Commission's reactor development division, was named head of General Motors research division, replacing Vice President Charles L. McCuen, 63, who will retire this year. With G.M. anxious to make use of atomic power, automobiles believe that Hafstad has been hired to devise an atomic engine.

Herman D. Ruhm Jr., 53, resigned after ten years as president of Bates Manufacturing Co., of Lewiston, Me., to become president of Burlington Industries Inc. Ruhm, who was on the losing side in the recent proxy fight for control of Bates that was won by Consolidated Textiles' Lester Martin, graduated from Yale ('23), got his first job in a Nevada mine, leaving after a year to work for Standard Oil (N.J.). He entered textiles in 1928 with Associated Dry Goods, moved to Bates in 1937, will serve as deputy to Burlington's board chairman, Spencer Love.

G-E LAMPS GIVE YOU MORE FOR ALL YOUR LIGHTING DOLLARS



New General Electric 200-watt bulb takes less space, but gives more light

A NEW General Electric 200-watt bulb, shorter and slimmer than the old one, fits into fixtures and lamps that would formerly take nothing larger than a 150-watt bulb.

The new G-E bulb gives about 3% more light than the old one. In the new bulb, the filament is an efficient *coiled* coil, which needs only one support. The filament of the old bulb is a single coil which needs three fine-wire supports. Although these support the filament firmly, they tend to cool it and slightly reduce the light. Based on average operating costs, the extra light of the new bulb is worth 7¢ to 10¢ over the life of the bulb.

Though the new design puts the hot filament closer to the base, the new General Electric 200-watt bulb is safe to use even

in paper-lined sockets. That's because of a heat-reflecting disc of aluminum between the base and the filament.

With all this extra value built in, the new bulbs list at a penny *less* than the old. For more facts on how General Electric gives you more for *all* your lighting dollars, write for a 16-page G-E progress report to lamp users. It's free, just write General Electric Company, Dept. 482-T-6, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

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Kefauver v. Hollywood

Preceded by some of the surliest advance notices ever published in the Hollywood press, an erstwhile TV star, Tennessee's mild-mannered Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver, quietly moved into the movie capital last week. Sitting as a one-man Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency, Prober Kefauver was looking for answers to a valid question: Do sex and violence in Hollywood's product give U.S. kids bad ideas? He also wanted to know more about dirty movies, commonly shot in hotel rooms on a G-string budget. The linking of the two probes was more than Hollywood's outraged trade press could bear in silence. Fumed the *Hollywood Reporter*: "It is insulting that Estes Kefauver should include the motion-picture industry in an investigation . . . of stag reels and other pornography . . . [This] is obviously nothing more than a pre-presidential publicity campaign conducted at our expense."

"Everybody's Smoking . . ." Blandly ignoring his press clippings, Kefauver opened his easygoing hearings, heard Hollywood defended by its top men, explained sympathetically by two psychiatrists, attacked by only one witness, William Mooring, syndicated movie editor for some 50 Roman Catholic newspapers. Critic Mooring cited a murder-rape case directly inspired by a rape movie, listed eleven recent films as harmful to youthful morals, irrelevantly wound up by lambasting drive-in theaters for encouraging young couples to neck, or worse, in cars.

Hollywood's top production bosses solemnly testified that movies could not realistically exclude sex and violence, but far from inspiring juvenile crime, films often combated it by portraying its ugly consequences, thus arousing public zeal for reform. M-G-M's Dore Scharf argued that his *Blackboard Jungle*, condemned by Critic Mooring, did not "accelerate" delinquency but "insulated" against it. The family itself, testified Paramount's V. Frank Freeman, is delinquency's chief hotbed, and "an old-fashioned hickory stick" is the remedy. Taken to task for the violence dished out in Warner's unreleased juvenile crime saga, *Rebel Without a Cause*, Executive Producer Jack L. Warner sourly snapped: "The critics must be using radar. I haven't even seen the picture yet." Interrupting, a spectator challenged Warner to state how many of his last 10 movies showed women smoking and drinking. Sighed Warner irritably: "You must be living in a backwoods country, boy. Everybody's smoking and drinking now."

"Wild Melodrama . . ." As the testimony ramblod on, industry spokesmen conjured up several novel defenses of their wares. Columbia's Jerry Wald asserted the right of U.S. moviemakers, unlike that of Soviet producers, to criticize their country's seamy side; Motion Picture Industry Councilman Lou Greenspan fell back on



KEFAUVER & EXHIBIT

For the woman, pants at least.

the Bible, where "murder, adultery, even incest are described." One movie adman piously explained, when Kefauver cited an advertisement showing two scantily clothed lovers grappling suggestively, that it could have been worse: "In the original [drawing] submitted to us they were clad only in beads. We at least put pants on the woman."

At week's end Hollywood seemed little changed by the probe. A local theater was showing a kid gang thriller called *Mad as the World*, with a special prologue by none other than Senator Estes Kefauver. Most local critics gleefully panned *Mad* as "wild melodrama . . . frightening . . . brutal." In gentle tones, Prologuist Kefauver told newsmen between hearings: "I read the script and thought it would make a fine picture." Then the Senator, who won renown in a coonskin campaigning long before most folks knew much about Hollywood's Davy Crockett, moseyed off on the trail of the pornographers.

New Picture

Summertime (Lopert: United Artists) brings Bachelor Girl Katharine Hepburn to Venice tremulous with excitement, ready for adventure and eager for love. But this is only one Hepburn, and the buried one at that. On the surface is Hepburn's other, more dominant self: a woman grimly determined—above all else—not to be played for a sucker.

The tragicomedy of Katharine the Shrewd and Kate the Romantic is played out against the overpowering Technicolor backdrop of Venice. At first, Katharine is all businesslike competence; she industriously snaps photos, craftily measures out tips, keeps her basilisk eye fixed warily on the untrustworthy Italians. But then



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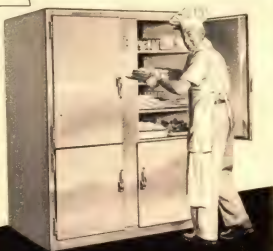


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C. J. MACK, V.P. & Gen. Mgr., A HILTON HOTEL

the Venetian magic begins; she throws open her *pensione* window to a vista of blue sky, green water and honey-colored walls. She walks along the canals, dazed by the murmurous dusk, by the majesty of campanile and palace, by the whisper of a distant guitar. Few actresses in films could equal Hepburn's evocation of aching loneliness on her first night in Venice as she wanders, forlorn and proud, like a primly starved ghost in a city of lovers.

At a café table she glances furtively at a handsome man nearby. When she looks again, she meets his appraising eye and is as panicked as a mother hen who sees the circling shadow of a hawk. She flees. But every path seems to lead her back to the same man, and with the slow drift of the days, her panic subsides, breaks out, subsides again and finally softens to surrender. Italy's Rossano Brazzi complements Kate's artistry every step of the way. As a married but amorous art dealer, he plays her lover with wit, affection and—when necessary—a matching anger: "You are like a hungry child who is given ravioli to eat," he cries. "No," you say, "I want beefsteak." My dear girl, you are hungry . . . Eat the ravioli."

Adapted by Director David (*Great Expectations*) Lean and Novelist H. E. Bates from the Broadway success, *The Time of the Cuckoo*, the script has dropped overboard many of the plot gimmicks that Playwright Arthur Laurents used as cogs for stage action. With them go some of the harsher truths about the career girl's character and therefore any possibility of comparing Hepburn's performance with that of Shirley Booth in the stage play. The movie is scarcely more than a charming idyll, and it ends only because Kate is convinced that "All my life I've stayed at parties too long because I didn't know when to go." This time, after a few days of dalliance on the island of Burano, Hepburn goes home. Isa Miranda and young Gaetano Audiero help make Venice seem appealing, while MacDonald Parke and Jane Rose work hard as comic U.S. tourists. The Eastman Color and the camera-work by Jack Hildyard are superb.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Great Adventure. Arne Sucksdorff's nature film, a skillful blending of terror and tenderness in the seasonal round of life in a Swedish forest (TIME, June 30).

The Seven Year Itch. Though they promise more fun than they deliver, Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell help Director Billy Wilder make George Axelrod's comedy a fairly engaging romp (TIME, June 13).

Violent Saturday. Three thugs rob a bank in a picture as simple and as nerve-racking as a bomb; with Victor Mature, Richard Egan, Ernest Borgnine (TIME, May 16).

Marty. The love story of a "very good butcher": home truth and homely humor in the life of an ordinary man—well perceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).



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BOOKS

Old-Fashioned Abandon

THE FLOWER GIRLS (629 pp.)—Clemence Dane—Norton (\$4.95).

This novel has elephantiasis of the prose glands, but basically it is an anemic little yarn about an English theatrical royal family. Jacy Florister, 27, an ex-child star dangling rebelliously from maternal apron strings, has long wanted to know more about his deceased British father, whom his mother always refers to as "a moron." When poolside sex and liquor kill mother, Jacy quits Hollywood and flies to England to scratch around for his "roots." He not only digs up the Florister clan, a prolific, Barrymoreish brood whose blood lines rival the "begats," but also the girl of his dreams, a brunette witch of a first cousin named Olive.

When Jacy and Olive are not making beautiful bedchamber music together, Jacy is a gaga, gee-whiz tourist-about-London: "So this was the London bobby!" . . . "I am present," said Jacy happily, "at the reopening of the Covent Garden Opera House in nineteen forty-six . . ." Somewhere along the line, Jacy discovers that the secret of English greatness is "continuity." To do his bit for continuity, Jacy agrees to help the Floristers reopen the historic old family theater with a hands-across-the-sea play about Pocahontas and John Smith.

Canny Clemence Dane butters her novel with surprises, ranging from the pleasant (Jacy's father turns up alive) to the downright distasteful (Olive turns out to be a nymphomaniac who believes that variety is the spice of love). But by novel's end, Jacy has found a Florister's one true love, the theater. A Book-of-the-Month Club choice for July, *The Flower Girls*



HARRIETTE WILSON & WELLINGTON
"Good-bye to ye, old Bombastes Furioso."

sprouts eccentrics, melodrama, theater lore, subplots, flashbacks, deaths, alarms and excursions with engaging, old-fashioned abandon. Anyone who plans to while away a lazy summer afternoon with its 629 pages would do well to string up two hammocks, one for himself and another for the book.

Confessions of a Courtesan

THE GAME OF HEARTS: *Harriette Wilson's Memoirs* (532 pp.)—edited by Lesley Blanch—Simon & Schuster (\$5).

Rarely has London lived quite so lustily as in the first years of the 19th century. Then the fat, fun-loving Prince of Wales reigned as Regent (for doddering George III) and "First Gentleman of Europe." Beau Brummell set the fashions, and the romantically adored Lord Byron sported through pubs and palazzi as Child Harold in person. Of all the high-living courtesans who kept dizzy pace with the Regency's beaux and bucks, the most celebrated was Harriette Wilson. "I supped once in her society," wrote Sir Walter Scott in 1828, "at Mat. Lewis's in Argyle Street, where the company chanced to be fairer than honest . . . She was far from beautiful, but a smart, saucy girl, with good eyes and dark hair, and the manners of a wild schoolboy."

Neither so lucky as her sister Lady Berwick nor so influential as Lord Nelson's mistress Lady Hamilton, this witty, tempestuous daughter of a Swiss-born Mayfair watchmaker rejoiced that "I have a devil in my body," and queened it for years over Britain's most dashing peers, in the park, at the opera and in her boudoir. When finally she fell from feminine pre-eminence, she rose again to outrage old beaux and outshine new belles as a scarlet lady of letters.

The *Lady Blondishes*, Harriette Wilson's sprightly *Memoirs* have been dusted off by British Author-Journalist Lesley Blanch, the onetime British *Vogue* staffer who last year recorded in *The Wilder*

Shores of Love the lives of four other uninhibited 19th century boudoir specialists. Having edited Harriette's original four-volume confession to fit into one book, Author Blanch adds a long and perfumed preface telling how the lady came to write it. Evidently the ill-treated parsimony of one of her old patrons, who thought to satisfy a promised annuity of £500 by a single payment of £1200, left Harriette with a lasting sense of ill treatment. First angrily thinking to blackmail one blackguard, she soon boldly altered her plan to include all her old flames. Before publishing, she gave each a chance to buy his way out of the book in return for cash payment. "That most prolific plenipo, the Hon. Frederick Lamb," she wrote of Lord Melbourne's brother, has "called on [my publisher] to threaten him, or us, with prosecution . . . Had he . . . only opened his heart, or even purse to have given me but a few hundreds, there would have been no book, to the infinite loss of all persons of good taste and genuine morality."

The *Memoirs*, published installment by installment in 1825, were a tremendous sensation, going through 31 printings in a year. Though never salacious, they are packed with intimately impertinent revelations: their tart dialogue and sharp observations of the stupidities of the gentlemen friends and customers make a racy and amusing picture of high and low life in Regency London. As Harriette tells it, she left her father's house at 15 to "place myself under [the] protection" of Lord Craven. The stolid lord proved "a dead bore," talking far into the night about cocoa trees. "I was not depraved enough to determine immediately on a new choice," says Harriette, "and yet I often thought about it. How, indeed, could I do otherwise, when the Honourable Frederick Lamb was my constant visitor, and talked to me of nothing else?"

The *Duke Vanishes*, When Craven heard of her visits with Lamb and turned her out, Harriette told herself, "This is



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what one gets by acting with principle." She never made the same mistake again. Having left Craven for Lamb, she left Lamb for the Duke of Argyll. Entertaining a likely buck at the opera, Harriette would sigh: "His legs were so beautiful, and his skin so clear and transparent . . . and 30,000 a year besides." The proud titles of Britain vied for her favor; the heirs to great fortunes rushed from Oxford and Cambridge to throng her opera box.

"My old beau Wellington," she found tedious, goodhearted, generous. But when the duke spurned her dun ("Publish and be damned!"), he too met a different kind of Waterloo. "His Grace," spits Harriette, ". . . has written to menace a prosecution if such trash be published . . . When Wellington sends the ungentle hint to my publisher, of hanging me, beautiful, adored and adorable me, on whom he had so often hung! *Alors je pendu la tête!* . . . Good-bye to ye, old Bombastes Furioso." Then she proceeds to relate how the duke, fresh from his triumphant campaigns in Spain, hurried straight to her house one night only to find Argyll there before him. When Wellington knocked, Harriette dressed Argyll in her nightcap and dressing gown and sent him to the window to tell the conqueror to be off—as the hussy must have it—"to his neglected wife and family duties."

The Lover Fomishes. If there was a love in Harriette's hectic life he was Lord Ponsonby, elegant, pale, "the handsomest man of his time." The wily huntress trapped him, held him three years. She claims to have torn up a letter in which he pledged her a life income of £200, and she has only soft words for him in her *Memoirs*. After 15 years, she wrote her friend Lord Byron: "Don't despise me; nothing Lord Ponsonby has dearly loved can be vile or destitute of merit."

The closest Harriette ever came to respectability was when the Marquis of Worcester wanted to marry her. Though she paints a picture of the docile marquis lacing her stays and leaping from bed to make her breakfast toast, their domesticity was never formalized in marriage. The tart tone of her *Memoirs* suggests the likeliest reason why this handsome huntress finally bagged neither title nor fortune. All through her coquetting career she made enemies with her runaway wit. Though a rival says that Harriette and her publisher "fingered £10,000 of the public's money" as a consequence of her last gabby indiscretions, the fact is that Harriette finally married a bogus colonel and died poor, all assets gone.

* Ponsonby later became an ambassador famed for his imperturbable manners, tact, and quick, cool wit. Once, when the Sultan of Turkey felt that the diplomatic corps, headed by Ponsonby, did not show sufficient humility and awe when entering the royal presence, he caused a very low door to be built so that the diplomats would have to crawl to enter the Hall of Audience. His lordship, confronted with the new door, turned immediately and crawled through backward, presenting a splendid expanse of white satin breeches to the waiting Sultan and his viziers.

Ordeal of a Russian Jew

THE COLLECTED STORIES (381 pp.)—Isaac Babel—Criterion Books (\$5).

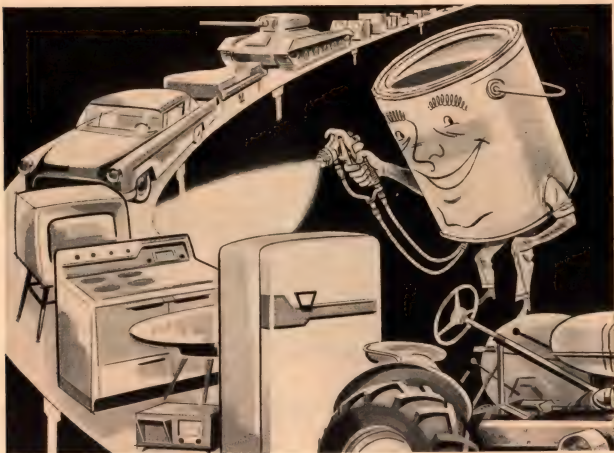
When Isaac Emanuelovich Babel was ten years old, he saw his father kneel in the mud before a mounted Cossack captain and beg for help while an Odessa mob looted and wrecked the family store. "At your service," the officer said, touched his lemon-yellow chamois glove to his cap, and rode off passionlessly, "not looking right or left . . . as though through a mountain pass, where one can only look ahead." Torn with pity and terror for his father, the boy was also stirred by a sneaking admiration for the Cossack, with his instinctive animal grace and his life of action and violence. This paradox shaped Babel's life and writing. Before he was mysteriously imprisoned in the late 1930s,



ISAAC BABEL
"Woe unto us."

some say for making indiscreet remarks about the Stalinist regime, Babel had worked as a Bolshevik propagandist, been a member of the Cheka, and ridden with Budenny's Red Cossack cavalry as a supply officer in the Polish campaign of 1920. The meek intellectual with "spectacles on [his] nose and autumn in [his] heart" as Babel described himself, spent the young manhood of his life honing his squeamish conscience on "the simplest of proficiencies—the ability to kill my fellow-men."

"My World Was Tiny." In *The Collected Stories*, the bulk of his too little-known work is fully translated for the first time and prefaced with a perceptive introduction by critic Lionel Trilling. Like another Eastern Jewish writer, Sholom Aleichem, Babel was a folk artist of the ghetto. To Aleichem (*Time*, April 25), the ghetto was as comforting as a mother's lap, and he could always smile through the tears; to Babel it was just a prison cell which he tramped with despairing



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irony. Laconic and deadpan in style, his autobiographical stories are nonetheless as anguished and personal as a scream.

Born in 1894, in an era of sanctioned pogroms, Babel did not need to see his father in the mud to have a firsthand knowledge of the ordeal of a Russian Jew. In *The Story of My Dog*, Babel tells how his dearest childhood dream was to own some pigeons. One day the excited ten-year-old is racing home with his first set of birds, when a pogrom erupts. A crippled dealer in stolen Jewish goods grabs the boy's sack, and, opening it in disgust, smashes one of the pigeons against the boy's face: "The guts of the crushed bird trickled down from my temple . . . A piece of string lay not far away, and a bunch of feathers that still breathed. My world was tiny, and it was awful."

Sounds Like Iron Filings. The world at home was not much bigger or better. In *Awakening*, Babel describes the chief human export of Odessa's Moldavanka ghetto: "Infant prodigies . . . freckled children with necks as thin as flower stalks and an epileptic flush on their cheeks." Papa Babel insists on a violin virtuoso in the house, even when "the sounds dripped from my fiddle like iron filings." Little Isaac plays hooky and tries to learn how to swim. But "the hydrophobia of my ancestors—Spanish rabbis and Frankfurt moneychangers—dragged me to the bottom." A local athlete hucks up the boy's spirit: "How do you mean, the water won't hold you? Why shouldn't it hold you?" "I came to love that man," says Babel, who always complained that his boyhood had been "nailed to the Talmud" and adds bitterly: "In my childhood . . . I had led the life of a sage. When I grew up I started climbing trees."

The biggest tree on Babel's grown-up horizon was the Bolshevik Revolution. In the 35 stories grouped under the heading "Red Cavalry," he climbs it with a sense of lyric release and manly endurance. For Babel, it was the Stephen Crane-Hemingway test of courage in reverse: not "Can I take it?" but "Can I dish it out?" In fact, cruelty itself became for Babel a form of self-knowledge. Says a fellow officer who has just stomped his former master to death: "With shooting—I'll put it this way—with shooting you only get rid of a chap . . . With shooting you'll never get at the soul, to where it is in a fellow and how it shows itself. But I don't spare myself, and I've more than once trampled an enemy for over an hour. You see, I want to get to know what life really is, what life's like down our way."

"You Guys in Specs." As the nameless narrator of the tales, Babel shows a candid self-hatred for sparing himself even a mercy killing. In *The Death of Dolgushov*, a dying soldier pleads for a bullet before the Poles "turn up and play their dirty tricks." Babel cannot do it, and the man who does jeers at him: "You guys in specs have about as much pity for chaps like us as a cat has for a mouse." When it came to the revolutionary scene, the guy in specs could make a single image do the work of a page: "Streetcars lay like dead



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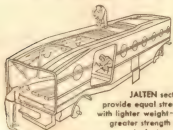
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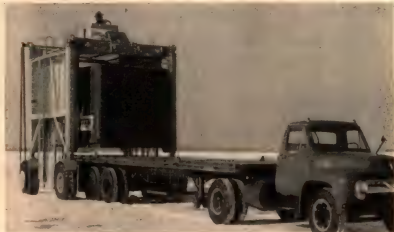
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The operator of this giant Ross® Carrier is handling 20,000 pounds of freight in a single unit load. He "straddles" the trailer truck and lowers the Clark "Mobilvan" onto the trailer where it automatically locks into position. The truck takes two "Mobilvans" to a rail terminal where they will be loaded on a flatcar by a big Clark lift-truck. At the destination, the "Mobilvans" can be set aside until their contents are needed—thereby conserving valuable warehouse space.



... or yards of earth by hoe

With the Rockies as background, this MICHIGAN® excavator crane with hoe attachment digs the basement for a new church in Colorado Springs. In tough digging, the rugged $\frac{3}{4}$ -yard capacity MICHIGAN moves upwards of 340 cu. yards of earth per day—travels at truck speed from job to job. Like all Clark-built machines, the MICHIGAN excavator is a dependable, profitable tool for its owner.

Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan 74, Mich.

For 50 years, specialists in the basic business of
Transmitting Horsepower to Multiply Manpower

**CLARK
EQUIPMENT**

horses in the streets." And as early as the mid '20s, he glimpsed the heart of the matter: "Woe unto us, where is the joy-giving Revolution?"

Babel had ironically escaped the Odessa ghetto only to find himself in Big Brotherland. Hailed in the '30s as a great Soviet writer, he no longer found it possible to write. "I am the master of the genre of silence," he ruefully told the Soviet Writers' Congress of 1934. He was arrested in 1937, and in the silence of a Russian concentration camp, some time in 1939 or 1940, the ordeal of Isaac Babel ended in death from causes unknown.

Friendly Sharpshooter

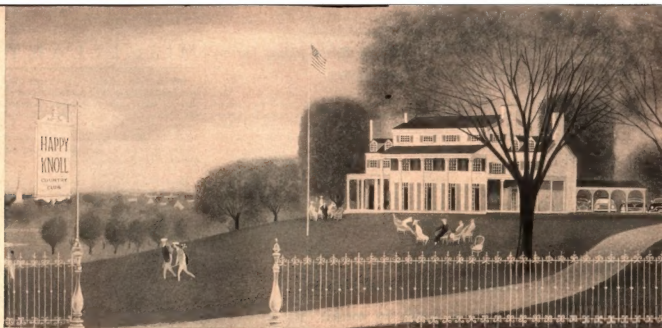
THE HUNTING WASP [240 pp.]—John Crompton—Houghton Mifflin [\$3].

Though the safaris it describes mostly take place in bean patches and along garden walls, this is one of the year's best hunting books.

The hunters—or rather, huntresses—are wasps out for big game to feed their young. They shoot only point-blank, not to kill but to paralyze, since the victim is to be sealed into the huntress' lair with her egg, and the larva thrives only on fresh meat. Though only such consecrated bug watchers as France's late great Entomologist Jean Henri Fabre get in on these magnificent shoots, British Science Writer John Crompton, author of the excellent *Life of the Spider* (TIME, July 3, 1950), has put all the bug watchers' best stories in this urbane and well-written book.

To put its prey in a proper state of torpor, the caterpillar-hunting wasp sometimes shoots the caterpillar 13 times, once for each segment. That deadened Annie Oakley, the beetle hunter, can bowl over her hard-shelled victims with a saddle shot that pierces a tiny chink in the beetle's armor and penetrates precisely to its central nerve-control station. One rakish little black and red hunting wasp specializes in the praying mantis, ghoulishly grizzly of the insect world. Ducking away from the praying mantis' gaping arms, she zooms back and forth like a pendulum behind the giant's head until its narrowly watching eyes tire of keeping track of this baffling tennis game. Then, quicker than human eye can follow, she darts onto the mantis' back and fires her lightning shot.

Author Crompton has practically nothing but praise for the hunting, or solitary, wasps. They are smart, pertinacious, utterly fearless. Shooting down flies, beetles, hoppers, caterpillars, they work for mankind. It is their thieving relations, the so-called "social" wasps, says Crompton, that have given the family such a bad name. In a righteously separate chapter on these bad actors, he reads an indictment against the yellow jackets that terrorize the summer terrace, filch from jam jars and deliver powerful stings that hurt humans for a week. The hunting wasps, says Crompton, are not to be smeared with guilt of association; they practically never sting people, he claims—and even if they do, they do not hurt half as much as social wasps.



"A swell place . . . but it isn't Happy Knoll!"

Mr. J. P. Marquand has just backed off and taken a look at that fine old American institution, the Country Club, its flora and fauna.

The result is a series of 6 highly-amusing articles, in the same gently-jaundiced vein that has made Marquand our era's foremost social satirist.

(Of course, you won't find it anything like your own club; but you will certainly recognize many people you have frequently seen at *other* clubs.)

The first article appears in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** this week. It is a letter from the Chairman of the Welcoming Committee of Happy Knoll Country Club to a prospective new member, explaining that the other club in town is "a swell place—but it isn't Happy Knoll!"

If it doesn't make you hanker to read the five others scheduled to follow, we'll walk right up to the new Happy Knoll swimming pool, filled with happy shouting children, and let you push us in.

And it seems almost sacrilegious to mention them in the same breath with Mr. J. P. Marquand, but Mr. Duke Snider, of the Brooklyn baseball club, is on the cover of this week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**; some gorgeous color pictures of his fellow sluggers are inside. The second of Dr. Roger Bannister's two articles appears, "The First Four Minutes."

Mr. Herbert Warren Wind has a report on the U.S. Open; and (ah, that's more like it) there's an exciting story on the Yale-Harvard boat race. Don't fail to procure your copy of this week's issue at once.

At your newsstand 25¢

And if you use your country club, discreetly
of course, as a source of business contacts . . .

. . . you may learn that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is a better and better advertising buy each week! In only 10 months, circulation has gone up 32% (first quarter, 1955, average was 586,000 weekly); new advertisers in 1955 now number 400; and in advertising pages for January–April 1955, rookie **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** was 6th among all magazines in passenger cars, 5th in tires and tubes, and 3rd in men's apparel. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.



**Another reason why Hammermill Bond prints better,
types better, looks better**

EVEN THE BEST secretary occasionally makes a typing mistake, but we make it easy for her to correct it. The photograph shows Hammermill Bond taking a special shower bath that turns the trick. The surface of the paper is literally being starched like a shirt, (papermakers would say it is being "sized") with a solution that improves writing and erasing qualities.

These qualities depend on the right amount of the right kind of starch in the solution. Too much leads to cracking. Too little leads to ink feathering, pen scuffing, poor erasures. Common practice is to test the starch solution only at intervals. This leaves opportunity *between* checks for trouble to happen.

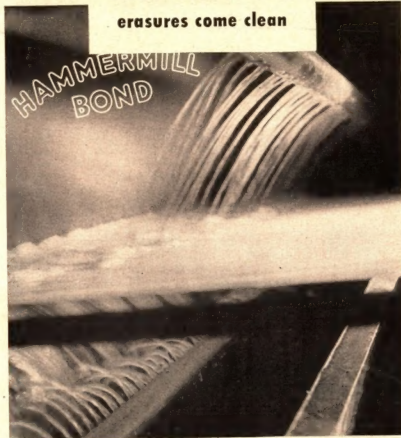
**Hammermill Bond takes
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erasures come clean**

Spot checks aren't good enough at Hammermill. So we developed a regulator that automatically meters, at every instant, the amount of starch going into the Hammermill Bond sizing bath.

With Hammermill Bond, when your favorite secretary hits the wrong key in the last paragraph of a long letter, she can quickly erase her error so cleanly you'll probably never notice it.

Here's another reason why Hammermill Bond 1) *prints* better—ask your printer; 2) *types* better—ask your secretary; 3) *looks* better—see for yourself!

Printers everywhere use Hammermill papers. Many display this shield.
Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.



**...yet
HAMMERMILL
BOND
costs no more**

—and actually *less* than many other watermarked papers

MISCELLANY

This Is Your Life. In Pittsburgh, police arrested James V. Spagnola, reported that he used a sledge hammer, hatchet and shears on the furnishings of his estranged wife's home while she was at work, shut off the gas and cut the power lines and scrawled on the living-room mirror: "This is your home, Doll."

Brief Encounter. In Hampton Court, England, after Neil Dronfield, 8, fell off a bridge into the Thames, followed by Frank Willingdale, who was trying to save him, followed by Mrs. Willingdale, who was trying to save her husband, followed by the four Willingdale children, aged two to seven years, a stranger strolled by, pulled all seven out of the water, departed without disclosing his name.

Pocket Veto. In Billings, Mont., when charged with attempted theft, William F. Barraugh explained that he had forgotten to empty his pockets of the cheese, meat, sardines, avocado and bologna he had put there when he found the grocery store "too crowded to push a cart."

Hindsight. In Council Bluffs, Iowa, Mrs. Raymond Hall began trimming dead limbs from a neighbor's tree, was 50 feet up before she realized that she had sawed so many limbs she could not get down, when rescued by the fire department commented: "That was the dumbest thing I ever heard of."

Old Wives' Tale. In East Liverpool, Ohio, after he had been fined \$50 and costs for blacking the eye of his estranged wife, Clarence Cobb complained to the judge: "She knew I was a coon hunter and a drinker before we were married, and she never said a word; afterward, it was just nag, nag, nag!"

In the Neighborhood. In Salt Lake City, after years of running newspaper advertisements, Thomas J. and Frank Wiley finally persuaded a Denver foundling home to tell them the adopted name of their long-lost brother, looked in their local directory, found that brother Hugh Bernecker, a substitute schoolteacher, had lived within 40 miles of them for 15 years and had once taught at a school attended by Frank's children.

Network Member. In Long Beach, Calif., Theater Proprietor Milt Arthur discovered an ardent fan laying cables in a trench under the fence of a drive-in movie, learned that he was trying to hook them to the theater's sound system so that he could hear as well as see the movies from his nearby home.

Pay As You Go. In Billings, Mont., Maurice McCarty, 46, pleaded guilty for the 76th time to a charge of drunkenness, complained to the court that police are giving him "life imprisonment on the installment plan."



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a pleasure



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*Light up a Lucky...
it's light-up time!*

WISH YOU WERE HERE? You bet you do! But wherever you are, you can get the same deep-down smoking enjoyment just by lighting up a better-tasting Lucky. Luckies taste better, first of all, because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, this tobacco is toasted: "It's Toasted" to make it taste even better... cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, light up a Lucky. You'll say it's the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!



*"It's
TOASTED"
to taste
better!*

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER - Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

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